

Eglogs

Epytaphes, and Sonettes.

Newly written by

Barnabe Googe:

1563.

15. Marche.

Printed at London, by

Thomas Colwell, for Kasse

Jewbery, dwelling in

Fleetstreet a little a-

boue the Conduit

in the late shop

of Thomas

Wartelet.

George

George

1789

1789

George Stearns

1789

1789

1789

1789

1789

1789

Alexander Nevill.

The Mountaines he the blustyrng
The fouds: y Rocks wth his wilds
The Cities strong, the Canons
& threathing Chetstains had. (shot,
The Castels houghe by long belepyge,
and dreadfull battaye brooke,
Bothe fyre, & flames, and chandyrngs
and every deadly stroke, (thumps
With fervent bryllng furious rage,
both beate, and hys to ground
The long belenced wals by force,
and throughe them confound.
Kyght so thy Muse (Oh worthy Googe.)
thy pleasaunt framed stile
Discoverd eyes to many mouthes
Kepzochfull tongs and byle
Disfaming minds: Regard them not.
pzeas thou for hygher prayse.
Submit thy selfe to persons graue,
whose Judgement ryght alwayes

A.ii.

By

By Reason rule doth rightly iudge,
Whom fancies none can charme,
Which in the most Inconstant brains,
are chydly wont to swarme.
Whom no desyre of sylly gayne,
Whom lucre none can moue
from truth to stray. Such me ckeam,
Such such embrace and loue.
On such men stay thy tender years,
Such Patrons seeke to chuse.
Which taught by Tyne, & practise
bryghtest iudgement vse. (Prose)
But as for those Crabnotted bestes
those ragyng feeds of Hell.
Whose bile, malicious, hateful min-
to boylyng Rancour swell. (bes,
Which putt with Pryde, enflamd in
a drownd in deape disdain: (spight,
The Mennes monstrous broode out-
euen of a ielous Brayn (right
With curious, cackard, carping mou-
most famous debes diffame, (thes,
Defacing those whose labours great,
Deserue immortall name.

Duche

Such crabblaced, cabberd, carlish chuffs
 within whose hatefull brestes,
 Suche Malice hydes, suche Mancour
 such endles Enuy rests (bzooples,
 Keame thou not. No prejudice
 to thee: no: yet oppress,
 Thy famous wrpyngs are by them.
 Thou lyuest and ever shalt.
 Not all the flaudyng tonges alive,
 may purchase blame or fault
 unto to thy name (O worthy Goog:.)
 No tyme, no spye flame
 Not all the furies frettyng force,
 Thy daynges may dysfame.
 Let them in bzople of burning spight,
 continuall Toyle sustayne
 Let the sele scourging blags of mind
 Let ever daryng payne,
 Spred through their poisoned vaines.
 w payse of dedly waight: (Let Care
 Oppresse theyr vyle infected Harts,
 with stynging Malyce fraight.
 Let them destroy them selvs in Time.
 In Mancour let them boyle.

A. b.

Let

Let mortall hate, let pynching gapes
let stamping torments broyle,
Within they greuous bered brests,
for euer more to dwell
Let them fele Ennies cursed force,
(consuming feend of Hell.)
Despe them all. *μισανθροποι*
and squinteyd monsters ryght
They are. In syne leue Sow to sowll
and Chuff to cankerd Spyghe.
But thou procede in vertuous dedes,
and as thou haste begon,
Go forward styll to aduance thy same
Lyses Race halfe ryghtly con
farre easer tis for to obtain,
the Type of true Renowne.
Like Labours haue ben recompens
with an immortall Crowne.
By this doth famous Chaucer lyue,
by this a thousande moore
Of later peares. By this alone
the olde renowned Stooze
Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
they Praise aloft doth moune.

Unto

Unto the Skyes: and equall is
with Stars above. Account
Thy selfe then worthy of the lyke;
yf that thou doste procede
By famous deds thy fame to enhaunce
and name abroade to spreade.
With Courage stout thā through the
thou needst not for to feare. (think
Not he that sayth, but he that doth,
ought Glories Garlande weare.
Thus shalt thou still augment thy name,
and turne the hyghe Renowne,
And present Praise, in present Lyfe,
and after Death a Crowne
Of Honour, that for ever lasts.
Immortall Fame in sphe.
To whose reward, thy faithfull friend
doth wholly the resygne.

¶ Finis



B. Googe.

3

To the ryght worship
full M. William Louelace,
Esquier, Reader of Graues
Inne: (*Barnabe Googe*)
wyssheth health.

Iowe lothe I
haue ben, beyng of
long tyme earnest-
lye requyred, to suf-
fer these trybles of
mine to cōe to light:

It is not vnknownen to a greate
nombre of my fainyliar acquain-
taunce. Who both dayly & hourly
moued me therunto, and lytell of
long tyme preuayled therein. For I
both consydered and wayed with
my selfe, the grosenes of my Style:
whiche thus cōmytted to the ga-
a.v. synges

7
syngge shewe of euery eye shuld forth
with disclose & manifest folp of the
W:iter, and also I feared and mis-
trusted the disdaynfull myndes of
a nombre both scornfull and car-
pyngge Correctours, whose Heades
are euer busyed in taunting Jud-
gements. Least they shuld other-
wise interpret my doyngs than in
deade I meant them. These two
so great mischies vtterly disboa-
ded me from the folowynge of my
frendes perswasions, and wylled
me rather to condemne the to conti-
nuall darkenes, wherby no Incon-
uenience could happen: than to en-
daunger my selfe in gyuyng them
to lyght, to the disdaynfull doome
of any offended mynde. Notwith-
standynge all the dyligence that
I

coude vse in the Suppression
therof coude not suffice for I my
selfe beyng at that tyme oute of the
Realme, lytell fearynge any suche
thyng to happen. A verpe frende
of myne, bearynge as it seemed bet-
ter wyl to my doynges than respec-
tyng the hazarde of my name, com-
mytted them all togyther vnpolys-
shed to the handes of the Prynter.
In whose handes durynge his ab-
sence from the Cytie, tyll his re-
turne of late they remayned. At
whiche tyme, he declared the mat-
ter wholly vnto me: shewynge me,
that beyng so farre past, a Paper
prouyded for the Impression ther-
of: It coude not withoute great
hynderaunce of the poore Prynter
be

be nowe reuoked. His sodayne tale
made me at the fyrst, vtterly amazed,
and doubting a great while, what
was best to be done: at the lengthe
agreyng both with Necessytie and
his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall.*
I am edpoceras tuuore esse domi. And calling
to mynde to whom I myght chief-
ly comyt the fruytes of my smiling
muse: sodaynly was cast before my
eyes the perfect beuoe of your friend-
ly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace)
Unto who for the nombred heapes
of sundrye frendshyps, accoutynge
my selfe as boude, I haue thought
best to gyue them, (not doubtyng)
but that they shalbe as well taken,
as I do presently meane them.
Desyrynge you herein, as all suche
as shal reade them especiallly to
beare

4
beare with the vnpleasaunt forme
of my to hastely synished Dreame,
the greater part wherof with lytle
adurpe I lately ended, because the
beginnyng of it, as a senseles head
sepatated fro the body was given
with the rest to be pynted. And
thus Despyrnyng but for recompence
the frendly receyuyng of my slender
Gyfte, I ende: wyshyng vnto you
good Mayster Louelace in this life
the happpe enioyng of prosperous
yeares: and hercafter the blessed
estate of neuer ceasynge Joye.

Cours assuredly
Barnabe Googe.

Daphnes.

Amintas.



T. Blundeston to
the Reader.

I creepe into thy fa-
uoure (good Reader) with
a longe paynted Preamble
in prayse of this Auctor, I account
it as vaine. The Sonne Beames gy-
ues light sufficient. To moue thy
Affection with forepromysed pleas-
sure in reading the booke, I thinke
it as Bootles. Gold is of self force
and vertue to draw the desire. But
wth flowers of Rethorique first to de-
lyght the, or wth Pythy Reasons to
wynne thy good wyll and frendlye
Reporte for this my attempte: yf
suche tropes & signes were flowing
in me to perswade wel thy fauour,
or so muche Discrecion wantynge
in

In the to neglecte my good mea-
nyng, I wold eyther enforce my self
to vse a better kynde of perswasion
or els withdrawe my good wyll
from the Sentence of so carpyng
and slender a Iudgement: but as
I haue felte no fluddes of the one,
so lyke wyse I see no Ebbes of the
other, that if I weare no more
barraygne of the fyrste, then feare-
full of the laste: I woulde be
then no more sparyng to horde by
my Treasure from the: then I
trust to fynde the thankfull now in
takynge this Present fro me, which
not onely to shewe my good wyll,
(as my Preface discourseth more
largely) by preseruyng the worthy
faine, and Memorie of my deare
frende M. Googe in his absence
I

5
I haue presumed more bouldely to
hazard & pryncing heareof, though
this maye suffice to excuse well my
enterpryse, but also to styre vp thy
pleasure and further thy proffit by
readdyng these his workes, whiche
here I haue suplyshed: openly vn-
to thee. And so (beyng vnstored my
selfe) I seake to sateffie thy learned
or willyng desyre with other mens
travaeiles. But wheare the power
fayleth the will may suffice, the gyf-
uer, not the gyft is to be regarded:
preferre Colonus Rade the roote be-
fore the Courtiers barbed horse.

Accept my goodwyl and way not
the valew, so shalt thou bynd me if
power (as it is vnkely, maye aun-
swere heerafter my meanyng, to
gratefie thee with the whole fruits

b.i.

of

of myne owne indeuour and so that
thou encourage others to make the
partaker of the like or farre greater
Jewels who yet doubtyng thy vn-
thankfull receyte niggardly keape
them to their owne vse & priuat com-
moditie. to hear as beyng assured
of the contrarie by thy frendly re-
port of other mens trauayles, they
coude perchappes be easely entrea-
sed more frely to lend them abroad
to thy greater auayle and further-
raunce. Thus therfore to thy good
or euill taking I put forth this pa-
terne for others to follow in weigh-
tyer matters or els to beware by o-
ther mens harms, in keaping their
names vntreproued by silence.

From my Chambr,
the. xxvii. of Maye.

1562.

The Preface of L.
Blundeston.

The senses dull of my appalled mind
Forwarped with the traunple of my maytie
In staining of the argued bookes of wile,
And darke for me the glimeryng light of hope,
Debated long what excersise to take,
To take the edgeles partes of wylde agayne
To cleanse the hede from sleapy humours thyme.
To rouse the hart from drownye dreames i tyme

The mind desires to byk fro thoughtfull vaine
And tyme requyres the painted felde to vewe.
The Eye procures to please the fancie then
With feldish sights of diuers colours newe.
The smelling likes the sanstie sweete of them.
The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe
Of wynde to here. Thus these do all contrye,
With this dispozte the spirites to reuyue.

But fancie then, by serche of selfe denyse,
Remouyng thus to spende the pleasaunt daye
So vainly out with sport of fruteles wyse
Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,

D. II.

To

To penne in Verse, the topts of her deuis,
To pas this tyme of Penteuoste awaye
Whose ydle dayes she wold thus to spende,
And publish forth her doings in the ende,

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon,
Wilt thou presume, lyke Baparde bynd to presse,
Into the throng, of all the lookers on,
Whose bewpyng eyes, will wep thy wisdom sell,
To be the threde of all thy workes yll spun,
Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gaze,
Then if thou shouldest kepe to thy selfe thy clewe
Where none thy workes besydes thy selfe may see

With this rose vp, from out her Seate behynde,
Dame Memorye, and Reason thus besought.
Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art assignde
To rule and temper all my secreete thought
And to restraine affections fancie blinde,
Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,
For to present a Solace very fytt
Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet,

So here the Eye a Paper buntche doth se
Displed worke of Googes flowing Heade,
Lette here behynde, when hence he past from me,
In all the stozmes that Winter blastes bespreade
Through swellpyng Seas & loftye mountayns hye
Of wyener the pathes vknownen to treade.

Whose

Whose great good will I kepe, and in his place
His Merles cruce to represent his face.

Unfolde the trusse therfore and of the Mule
Be sated so with this graue Study past
In so short space, or if we like to chuse
To print our actes in safetie at the last
Cease of a while this Labor and peruse
These Papers left of suche delighing taste
And put in print these workes of worthy Skill
So shall we shewe the frutes, of our good will.

This Fancie lyfte, immagynng aright
Of her owne Topp in hearing of his Merle
And pleasant Myre, most pithyly endight
Whose fame forth blown, his dedes could wel re-
But so; to paynt my name in open sight (herse
With others stuffe, this wold she sayne reuerse,
And thinks I should in others Blumes so showe
My selfe, to be a seconde Glows Crowe.

But after when the Eye had be holden the Lyne.
That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
When Demozet could all the effect resigne,
To Reason Myght, to wepe them as they lye.
With long reherse of tryed fayth by tyme
Then Fancie soone her Wyde, began to plye
And all receyued muche pleasure to the Mynde
More profytis farre then fance had assignde.

B. iii.

And

And fawle thus her selfe with blaspmyng face,
Condemned by Dame Reason some deapne
To se thallurpyng Style the cunly grace,
The lappye Hence of this his passyng Ryme,
So farre surmountynge her Invention bale,
And hearyng of his frendlynes in tyme
Whiche Remorde her Storehouse held full fast
Allowed well theyr Judgements at the laste.

Since evere Hence did wanted strength reune,
The Blud congeid, recourfed to his place
The wpts benomd brought to theyr propre quene
The Hart opprest with old delighting grace,
Unburdened now and yust with pleasure newe
By takyng of this Booke the bewyng gase
They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde upon,
To wret her selfe to quight these works anon.

Thus passeth forth straight to the Printers
These Epiques, Sonets, Epitaphes of men
Unto the Readers Eyes for to be shande,
With Praises suche as is due vnto them
Who absent nowe theyr Mayster maye comende,
And leade his fame what soever followeth him,
Gyne Gogetherfore his owne deserved fame,
Gine Blundell leane to wryt wel to his name

CFinis

Egloga prima.

Daphnes.

Amintas.

With Phœbus now begins to flame,
O fronde Amintas beare:
And placed hath his gorgeous globe
in midde of all the sphere
And fro þ place doth cast his Beames;
where they that starrs despyne
Lyes poyn't (doe save) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
Wher as the Sunn doth cause to spring;
e; he herbe and floure in felde
And doth reth ground þ spoyle of grene
Dio lye, newe grene to yelde.
Let thy herds vs yelde also tales,
as best becomes the tyme:
Such tales as Winter formes haue
in countrey where's Wyntie. (Capde
Beepn to lunge Amintas thou,
for why? thy wyf is best:
And many a laced fawc lies hyd
within thine aged brest.

A. i.

Ofte

Egloga

Oste haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the
to olde *Amin*tas due: (praise,

Begyn therfore, and I gyue care,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dypne the Beasts to fede
whyle he his mynde resyght.

Amin,

Thy prayses *Daphnes* are to great,
and moze for me than meete:

For euer I, suche saged saynes,
coude synge in *Merkes* sweete.

And now, to talke of spring time tales
my heares to hoare, do growe
Suche tales as these, I tolde in, tyme,
when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.

But synce, I can not the denye,
thy fathers loue doth bynde:

In symple Songe I wyl adreffe
my selfe, to shewe my mynde.

Longe hast thou *Daphnes* me requyred
the state of Loue to tell,
For in my youth, I knewe the force,
and passions all, full well.

Nowe

7
prima.

Howe Love therefore I wyll despyne,
and what it is declare,
which way pooze soules it doth entrap
and howe it them doth snare.

My Boie, remoue my beasts frō hens
and dryue them farther downs,
Upon the Hylles, let them go seade,
that ioyne to pender towne,

O Cuppyde kynge of sperye Love,
ayde thou my syngynge Verse,
And teache me heare the cause & case,
Of Louers to reherse,

Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
with furye spyll my brayne,
That I may able be to tell,
the cause of Louers payne.

Opinions diuers coulde I shewe,
but chiefest of them all,
I wyll declare: and for the rest,
with silence leaue I shall.

A feruent Humour, (some do iudge)
within the Head doth lye,
Whiche pssyng forth with poysoned
doth run frō eye to eye: (beames

A.ii.

And

Egloga

Plato.

And taking place abroad in beds,
a while doth firmly rest:
Till Phrensie framde in fancie fond
descends from bed, to brest.
And poison strong, fro eies outdrawn
doth perce the wretched harte,
And all infects the blood about,
and boyles in every parte:
Thus: when the beames, infected hath,
the woollfull Lovers blud:
Then Sences al, do straght decay,
opprest with furies mad.
Then Libertie withdrawes her self,
and Bondage beares the shape,
Affection blind then leades the hart,
and Wyt, is wounde awaye.
D Dappnes then, the paines appeare,
and tormentes all of hell.
Then sekes, the selve wounded soule,
the flames for to expell.
But all to late, alas he stryues,
for fancie beares the stroke.
And he, must toyle (no helpe there is)
in stauys the seruaile yoke.

1615

prima.

His blud corrupted all within,
doth boyle in euery bayne,
Then seeks he howe to sewe for salue
that maye redresse his payne.
And when the face, he doth beholde
by which he shulde haue ayde,
And sees no helpe, the lookes he long,
and trembleth all afrayde.
And museth at the framed shape,
that hath his lyfe in handes:
Howe fast he flies, aboute the flames,
nowe still amased standes:
Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate
and will doth payne make lyght,
And al the griefes, that then he feelles
doth presence still requyght.
But when the Lyght absented is,
and Beames in hart remayne,
Then flames the fyre fresh agayne,
and newe begyns his payne.
Then longe he lookes, his losse to se,
then sobbes, and syghes abounde,
Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
that erst to soone he founde.

A. iii.

Then

Egloga

Then shadefull places oute he lookes,
and all alone he lyues,
Crylynge Joye, and myrth from him,
hymselfe to waylynge gyues,
And still his minde thereon doth muse
and still, therof he prates,
O Daphnes here I swere to the,
no grieve to Louers state.
If he but ones beholde the place,
where he was wont to mete,
The pleasaunt forme y hym enclamd,
and ioyfull Countenance swete.
The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
his grefe augmenteth newe,
Yet still he sekes the place to se,
that moste he shulde eschewe.
If but the name rehearsed be,
(a thyng more straunge to heare)
Then Colour comes and goes in hast
then quaketh he for feare,
The very name, hath suche a force,
that it can dase the mynde,
And make the man amasde to stande,
what force hath Loue to bynde?
Affection

8
prima.

Affection none to this is lyke,
it doth surmount them all,
Of greiffes, the greatest greif nodoubt
is to be Venus thral,
And therfore, Daphne now beware,
for thou art yonge, and fre,
Take heede of bewynge faces longe,
for losse of A pbertye,
I shall not nede (I thynke) to byd
the, to detest the Cyme,
Of wycked loue, that loue did vse, *Jupiter.*
In Ganymedes tyme,
For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
that thou shuldest seake the fyre,
Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,
than burne wyth suche desyre,
And thus an end, I werped am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt,
Suche matters I, do leaue to suche,
as finer farre can paint,
Fetche in the Gote: that goes astraye,
and dyue hym to the soldr,
My peares be great I wyl be gone,
for spryngtyme nyghts be colde.

.iiii.

Great

Egloga

Daphnes Great thanks to the, for this thy tale
Aminas here I gyue:
But neuer can I make amendes
to the whilst I do lye.
Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
a small rewarde haue here:
A whistle framed longe ago,
wher with my father deare
His ioyfull beasts, was wont to kepe,
So Pye for tune so swete
Wight shepharde euer yet posses.
(a thyng for the full mete.)

Finis Egloga prima.

Egloga secunda.

Dametas.

My beasts, go fede vpon y^e plaine,
and let your herdsman lye,
Thou seest her mind, & fearst y^e
Dametas for to dye? (nowe,
why

Secunda.

Why stayest thou thus? why dost thou stay?
thy life to longe doth laste:

Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
syth time of hope is passe.

What meanest thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,

Alas: the wounde doth fester & yll,
of cursed Cupids darte.

No salve but this, can helpe thy soze,
no thyng can moue her minde

She hath decreed, that thou shalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.

Nowe syth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,

Thou seest her mind: why fearest thou
Dames for to dye. (than?

Long hast thou serued, & serued true,
but all alas, in vayne,

for she thy seruyce, nought esteemes,
but deales the grieve for gayne.

for thy good will, (a gay rewarde)

Disdayne, for Loue she gyues,

Thou louest her while thy life doth
she hates the, while she liues. (last,

A. b.

Thou

Egloga

Thou flame, when as þu seeſt her face
with heate of hye deſyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe diſdaynfull Ire.

The greateſt pleaſure is to the,
to ſe her boyde of Wayne,
The greateſt grieve to her agayne,
to ſe thy Health remayne.

Thou coueſt ever her to ſynde,
ſhe ſekes from the to flye,
Thou ſeeſt her mynd, why fearſt thou
Dametas for to dye? (than?

Doſt thou accounte it beſt to kepe,
thy lyfe in ſorowes ſpyll?

O, thinkeſt thou beſt it now to lyne,
Contrarye to her wyll?

Thinkeſt thou thy lyfe for to retaine?
when ſhe is not content,

Canſt thou addicte thy ſelfe to lyne?
and ſhe to murder bent.

Doſt thou entende agayne, to ſewe
for merce at her handes?

As ſoone thou mayſt go plow þu rocks,
and reape vpon the Sandes.

Drawe

9
Secunda.

Draw nere O mighty Herd of beasts
syth no man els is bye,

Your Herdman longe that hathe you
Dametas nowe must dye. (kept,

Resolue your Burishe eles to reares
and all together crye,

Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe must dye.

My pleasaunt Songs, nowe shall you
no moze on Mountaines bye, (here
I leaue you all, I must be gone.

Dametas nowe must dye:

To Titirus I you respone,
in Pasture good to lye,

for Titirus shall kepe you thonghe,
Dametas nowe must dye.

O cursed Cause, that hath me slayne,
My trothe alas to trye,

O Shephardes all, be Wytneses,
Dametas here doth dye.

Finis Egloga secunda.

Egloga

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas.

Coridon.

A Pleasaunt wether Coridon,
and lytte to kepe the spelde,
This moone hath brought hearest y the
what ioyful tunes thy yeld? (birds
Loe: how the lustie lammes do course,
whom spring time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe, the aged Pewes,
with bouncinge leapes do kicke,
Amongst the all, what ayles thy rāme,
to halte so muche behynde,
Some sore mischaunce, hath him befalln
or els some grieve of minde,
for wonte he was, of stomacke stoute
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude, amongst y flocke,
and none so stoute as he.
A great mishap, and grieve of mynde,
is him befallne of late,
Whiche causeth him, against his wyll,
to lose his olde estate.

Cor.

2

tertia.

A lustie flocke hath Titirus,
that him Dametas gaue,
Dametas he, that Martir died,
whose soule the heauens haue,
And in this flocke, full many yewes
of pleasaunte is: me do goe,
with the mighty Name both runne
that workes all woers woe.
My Name, whē he the pleasaunt dames
had betwixt rounde aboute,
Chose grounde of battayle, with his foe
and thought to fyght it oute.
But all to wreake, (alas) he was,
althoughe his harte was good,
for when his enemye him espyed,
he rāne with cruell mood.
And with his crooked weapon smote,
him sore vpon the syde,
A blowe of force, that stayde not there
but to the legges yd glyde.
And almoste laund the lober quyte.
(suche happes in lone there be:)
This is the cause, of all his grieve
and waylyng that you se.

Well

Egloga

Men.

Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
and let vs both go lye,
In yonder bushe of Juniper,
the Beasts shall fede hereby.
A pleasaunt place here is to talke:
good *Coridon* begyn,
And let vs knowe the *Townes* estate,
that thou remaynest in.

Cor.

The *Townes* estate? *Menalcas* oh
thou make my harte to grone,
For Vice hath euery place possesse,
and Vertue thence is floune.
Wyde beares her selfe, as Goddesse
and boastes aboue þe Skye, (chiefe
And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
with Gentlenes her bye,
Myt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
as she was wont to be,
But sekes the ayde of Arrogance,
and craftye Polycie.
Pobylitie begyns to fade,
and Carters by do spynge,
Then whiche, no greater plague can
no: more pernicious thyng. (hap,
Menalcas

10
tertia.

Menalcas I haue knowen my selfe,
within this thyrtie yere,
Of Lordes and Antient Gentlemen
a hundreth dwellinge theare,
Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe
suche Gentlenes of mynde,
Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,
as none is nowe to fynde.
But Halwtynes and proude Disdayne
hath nowe the chiefe Estate,
for sye John Straw, & sye John Cote,
wyl not degenerate.
And yet, they dare account the selues
to be of Noble bloude.
But fishe bred vp, in durty Pooles,
wyl euer synke of mudde.
I promyse the *Menalcas* here,
I wolde not them enuye.
If any spot of Gentlenes,
in them I myght espye.
for yf theyr Natures gentell be,
thoughe byrth be neuer so base,
Of Gentlemen (for mete it is)
they ought haue name and place:
But

Egloga

But whē by byrth, they base are bred,
and churlishe harte retaine,
Though place of gentlemen thei haue
yet churles they do remayne.
A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
and nowe full true is tryed:
An Ape, wylleuer be an Ape,
thoughe purple garments hyde.
For seldom, wylle the maske couer,
the Hate or els the Deate:
But wylle, accordynge to his kynde.
wylle holde, the hogge by theate.
Unfitte are danyhill knights to serue
the towne, with Speare in fielde:
For strange it semes, (a sadain Chop)
to leape from whyp, to shield.
The chiefest man, in all our towne,
that beares the greatest swaye,
Is Coridon no kynne to me,
a Reteberd thother daye
This Coridon come from the Carte,
In honour chiefe doth sytte,
And gouernes vs: because he hath,
a Crabbed, Clowdisly wytte.

Powe

quarta.

Nowe se the Charlyth Crueltye,
that in hys harte remayns.
The selpe Sheape y Shephards good,
haue fosterd bp wyth Wapnes,
And broght awaye, from Styntyng
on pleasant Hylles to seade: (dales
O Cruell Clownysh Coridon,
O cursed Carlish Seade:
The simple Shepe, constrained be,
they? Pasture swete to leane,
And to they? old corrupted Graffe.
enforceth them to cleane.
Such Shepe, as wold not them obeye
but in they? Pasture byde.
with (cruell flames,) they did consume
and be on every syde.
And to the Shepe, y Shephardes good,
(O hatefull Hounds of Hell,)
They did torment. and dryue the out,
in Places farre to dwell.
There dyed Daphnes for his Shepe,
the chieffest of them all.
And saye Alexis flamde in fyre,
who neuer peryshe shall.

B.i.

D

Egloga

O Shepherds waeple, for Daphnes deeth.
Alexis hap lament,
And curs the force of cruell hartes,
that them to death haue sent.
I, synce I sawe suche synfull syghts,
dyd neuer lyke the Towne,
But thought it best to take my sheepe,
and dwell vpon the downe.
Wheras I lyue, a pleasaunt lyfe,
and free from cruell handes,
I wolde not leaue, the pleasaunt felde
for all the Townysch Landes.
For syth that Pryde, is placed thus,
and Vice set vp so hye:
And Crueltie doth rage so sore,
and men lyue all awoye:
I thynkeste þ? þ? God, wil long forbere,
his scourge, and plague to sende?
To suche as hym do styll despyse
and neuer seke to mende?
Let them be sure he wyl reuenge,
when they thynke leaste vpon.
But looke a stormy showre doth ryse,
whiche wyl fall, heare anone.

Diens

tert'a.

Whenceas best we nowe departe,
my Cottage vs shall keepe,
for there is colme for the, and me,
and eke for all our sheepe:
Som Chestnuts haue I there in store
with Cheese and pleasaunt whaye,
God sends me Wittayles for my nede,
and I synge Care awaye.

¶ Finis Egloge tertie.

Egloga quarta.

Melibœus

Palemon.

O God, that guyds y^e golden Globe,
wher shynng shapes do dwel
D thou y^e throlvest the thūder thumps
from Heauen shye, to Hell,
what wonders workes thy worthynes
what metuayles doste thou frame?
What secrete syghts be Subject sene
vnto thy holy name?
A symple Shepharde sayne of late,
by foolyshe force of Loue,

B.ii.

That

Egloga

That had not Grace such fancies fond
and flames for to remove,
Appeared late, before myne eyes,
(Alas I feare to speake,)
Not as he here was wont to lyue,
whyle Gyese hym none did breake.
But all in Blacke, he clothed came
an vgly syght to se:
As they that for theyr due Desartes,
with Paynes tormented be,
My shepe for feare amased ran,
and fled from Hyll to Dale,
And I alone remayned there,
with countenaunce wan and pale.
O Lorde (quoth I,) what meanes this
is this Alexis spyght? (thyng
O is it Daphnes soule that shewes?
to me this dreadfull syght.
O comes some feend of Hell abode?
with feare men to torment?
Megera this? or Tisiphon?
O is Alecto sent?
What soener thou art, y thusdost com:
Choost, Hagge, or feende of Hell:

tert'a.

I the cōmaunde by hym that lyues,
thy name and case to tell.

With this, a stynkyng smoke I sawe,
from out his mouth to flye,

And in that same, his voyce did sound.

None of them all am I.

But one thy frende (O Melibe)

Dametas was my name,

Dametas I, that slewe my selfe,
by force of foolys the flame.

Dametas I, that doynge dyed,

In fyre of vnkynde Loue:

Dametas I, whom Deiopey,

byd raule suche ende to proue,

The same Dametas here I com,

by lycetts unto the:

for to declare the wofull state,

that happens now to me.

(O Melibe) Take hede of Loue,

of me Example take,

That slewe my selfe, and lye in Hell,

for Deiopeias sake.

I thought that Deth shuld me releafe
from paynes and dolefull moe,

B.iii.

But

Egloga

But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
I fynde it nothyng soe,
for looke what payne & grefe I felt
when I yned heare afore:
With those I nowe tormented am,
and with ten thousand moze.
I meane not that I burne in loue,
suche foolyshe toyes begon,
But Grefes in nombze haue I lyke
and many moze vpon.
O cursed Loue, (what woulde I saye,)
that brought me fyrre to payne,
Well, myght I ones despise thy loze,
but nowe (alas) in payne.
With fond Affection, I dyd flame,
whiche nowe I moste repent,
But all so late (alas) I wapte,
synth hope of Grace is spent.
The fickle sadynge for me, and face,
that ones so muche I fought,
Hath made me lose the Skyes aboue,
and me to Hell hath brought.
Why had I Reason delt to me!
and coulde not Reason vse.

Why

quarta.

Why gaue I Wyde to my wyll:
when I myght well refuse.
A myghted wyll, in dede it was,
that blynded so my syght,
That made me on such fadyng Dulle,
to set my whole Delyght
A sonde Affection lead me then,
When I for God dyd place,
A Creature, cause of all my Care,
a fleshye fleshyng face,
A woman Maue of Wretchednes,
a Waterne pylde of Wyde,
A mate of myschiese and Distresse,
for whom (a foole) I dyed,
Thus whyle he spake, I sawe me
of Hell an vglye fende, (I thought
With lothsome Clauyes, hym for to
and forced him there to ende. (close
And with this same, (O Murtherer,)
farewell, farewell (quoth he.)
Eschewe the Blase of feruent flames,
Example take of me.
My harte with this began to rent,
and all amasde I stood.

B.iii.

D

Egloga

O lord (quoth I) what flames be these
what Rage, what furies woode?
Doth Love procure, to wretched men
what Bondage doth it bringe?
Paine here: & Paine in lyfe to come.
(O dolefull, dredefull thyng.)
I quake to heare, this storye tolde,
and Melibei I sainte,
for sure I thought *Dametas* had,
ben placed lyke a Saynte.
I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
had myste of hym her frayght,
And through his death, he mounted had
to starres and Heavens strayght.
Howe ballantly dyd he despyse,
his lyfe in Bondage ledde?
And sekynge Deth with courage hys,
from Love and Ladye fledde.
And is he thus rewarded now?
The ground be cursed than,
That fosterde vp, so fayre a face
that losse so good a man.

¶ *Finis Egloge quartæ.*

Egloga

Egloga quinta.

Mopſus. Agon.

S On doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenance doth declare,
Thy face good *Agon* boide of blun
thine eyes amased ſtare:
Ate thy teares, howe they do well,
diſcloſe thy ſecret mynde,
Hath fortune ſpoiled late on thee
Hath Cupide ben unkinde.
Appetuous thinge to be bewayle
a deſperate it is of Love,
(O Deſtenties) ſuche cruel broyle,
Howe haue you power to mowe?
Here lyed a Ladye ſayle of late,
that *Claudia* men do call:
Of goodly wyne, yea ſuche a one,
as farre ſurmounted all.
Theſe ſweete Daines, y in this Courte,
to choiſe them ſetnes do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe:
that coulde come *Claudia* nye.

Agon.

B.b.

A

Egloga

A worthy knyght dyd loue her longe,
and for her sake dyd seale,
The panges of Loue. that happen styl
by frowning fortunes wheale.
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom so muche he dyd truste,
That all the secrets of his hart,
to hym declare he maist.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to sue for his redresse,
And so entreate for grace to her,
that caused his distresse.
She whan as fyrst she saw his page,
was stryght with hym in Loue,
That no thyng coude *Valerius* fare
from *Glendore* mynde to moue.
By hym was *Fayus* often harden,
by hym his sute toke place,
By hym he often dyd aspyre
to se his Ladys face.
This passed well, tyll at the length,
Valerius toke dyd sewe
With many teares he sechynge her
his paysters greye to rewe.

And

quinta.

And tolde her that yf she wolde not
 release, his paysters payne,
 He neuer wolde attempte her more,
 no: se her ones agayne.
 She then with mased countnaunce
 and teares y gushing fell, (there
 Astonysed answerde thus, loe nowe,
 alas I se so well,
 Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
 by the Valerius heare,
 I neuer yet beleued before,
 no: tyll this tyme dyd feare,
 That thou dydste for thy payster lye
 but onely for my sake.
 And for my syght, I euer thought,
 thou dydste thy traayle take.
 But nowe I se the contrarpe,
 thou nothyng carste for me,
 Synce fyrst thou kneyste, the lyeve
 that I haue felte by the. (clames
 O Lorde howe yll, thou doste requyte
 that I for the haue done,
 I curse the tyme, that frendshyp fyrst,
 to whome, I haue begon.

quinta.

O lord I the beseeche let me,
in tyme renewed be:
And let hym knowe that he hath synd,
in this misuspunge me.
I can not thynke, but fortune once,
shall the rewarde for all,
And vengeance due for thy deserts,
in tyme shall on the fall.
And tell thy maister *Faustus* now,
yf he wolde haue me lye:
That neuer more he seue to me,
this aunswere laste I gyue:
And thou o Traytour vile,
and enmye to my lyfe,
Absent thy selfe from out my syght,
procure no greater stryfe,
Synce y these teares, had neuer force
to moue thy stoneye harte,
Let neuer these my werped eyes,
se the no more. Depart.
This sayde, in haste she hiech in,
and there doth vengeance call,
And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,
and bludde dowe doth fall.

This

quinta.

This dolefull chaunce, whā *Faustus* heard
lamentynge lowde he cryes,
And teares his brace and doth accuse,
the vniust and cruell Skies.
And in this ragynge moode awaye,
he stealeth oute alone,
And gone he is: no mā knowes wpre
eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
his Mayster to be gone:
He weepes & wailles, in piteous plight
and forth he runnes anone.
No man knowes where, he is becom,
some saye the wooddes he tooke,
Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no man more to looke:
The Courte laments, the Printesse
her selfe doth weepe for woe, Icke
Loe, *Faustus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius banysshed soe.

¶ Fims Egloge quinte.

Eblogo

Egloga sexta.

Felix. Faustus.

Felix.

O *Faustus*, whom aboue the rest,
of Shephardes here that kepe,
Upon these holts, y^e nōbz great
of waightye fleeced shepe:
I euer haue esteemde: and couēdede,
the chiefeſt frende of all,
What great miſhap, what ſcourge of
oz grieſe hath the befall? (minde
That hath the brought i ſuch a plight
farre from thy wonted gayle?
What meanes this couēnaūcc all be-
witeres? theſe wretched eies (ſp^{rit}
This mournynge looke, this Weſture
this wretchede of Willow tree, (ſad
(Unhappy man) why doſte thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?
Tell tell, me ſoone, I am thy frende,
Diſcloſe to me thy gryefe,
Be not afrayde, ſoz frendes do ſerue,
to gyue they^r frendes relpeſe.

The

14
Sexta.

Paufus.

The wofull cause of all my hurte,
good *Felix* longe agoe,
Thou knewst full well: I nede not
by wordes to double woe, (now
Synce that (alas) all hope is past
synce grefe, and I am one,
And synce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue for gone,
What woldest thou haue me do (oh friend?)
to Ioye? in suche dystres?
Hauy pleasures quyte I banish here,
and yelde to Heuynes,
Let grefes torment me cuer more,
let neuer Cares awaye.
Let neuer fortune turne her wheale
to gyue me blyssfull daye.
Loue hath me scourged: I am content
lament not thou my state.
Let spyght on me take vengeaunce
let me be torne with hate. (nowe
Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
a flooze of golden bewe,
That closeth when the Son doth set,
and spreads with *Phabus* newe.

*A Marys
golde.*

Syth

Egloga

Felix.

Syth fro my Gariande now is salne,
this samouse flowre swete:
Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,
(a Wrethe for Wretches mete)
Iye Faustus, let not fancie sonde,
in the beare suche a swaye,
Expell Affections from thy mynde,
and dꝛyue them quyght awaye.
Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
let Bondage vyle be fled:
Let Reason rule, thy crazed Brayne,
place Wyt, in folies steade.
Synce she is gone, what remedye?
why shuldest thou so lament?
Wilt thou destroy thy self with cares
and the to pleasures bent?
Gyue eare to me; and I wyll shewe
the remedies for Loue
That I haue learned longe agoe:
and in my youth dyd proue.
Such remedies as soone shall quenche
the flames of Cupids fyre,
Such remedies as shall delaye,
the Rage of sonde Desyre.

for

Sexta.

For *Faustus* yf thou folow styll,
the blynded God to please,
And mylt not seke, by Reasons Rule,
to purchase thyne owne ease,
Long canst thou not thy frends enjoy
but byd them all farewell.
And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy soule
to depest filds of Hell.
Leaue of therfore, betymes and let
Affection beare no swaye,
And now at fyrst the fyre quench
befoze it further straye,
Eche thyng is easely made to obaye,
whyle it is yong and grene,
The tender thyng, that now doth bend
at length refuseth cleane.
The feruent fyre, that stampng fyrst,
may lytell water drenchen,
When as it hath obtayned tyme,
whole Ryuers can not quenche:
forsake the Town, (my *Faustus* deare)
and dwell, vpon this playne,
And tyme shall heale, thy festeryng
A Absence banysch Wayne. (woud
C.i. Aboue

Egloga

Above all thynges fly Idlenes,
for this doth double strength,
To Louers flams, & makes the rage,
till all be lost at length,
Here in thes felds, are pleasaunt things
to occuppe thy bzayn,
Behold: how springing reynues agayn,
that winter late had slayne,
Behold: the pleasaunt hylles adournd,
with dyuers colours fayre,
Geue eare to *Scillas* lusty songes,
reioysynge in the ayre,
What pleasure cast thou more desyre,
then here is for to se:
Thy lusty yewes, with manya lam,
Lo: to hear they waite on the,
Thinke not vpon that cursed face,
that makes the thus her slaue
But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,
that here thou seest me haue,
When I long tyme ago, did seale,
the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
These meanes Lo than I practised,
to cure my fond desyre.

sexta.

I fyrst wayed with my selfe,
 How fond a thyng it seamd,
 To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
 where I was nought esteamd.
 And how with flames I burnt for her,
 that passed nought for me,
 And how, these eyes encreast my har-
 that fyrst her face did se, (mes
 With pensyfe heart full fraight with
 I fled fro thence away, (thoughts,
 And though that Loue bad tourne my
 yet wold I neuer stay, (steppes,
 But from that soule infectyue ayer,
 wher first I tooke my soze,
 I hyed in hast, and shund the place,
 to se for euer more.
 Each letter that I had receyued
 from her, I cast away,
 And tokens all, I threwe them down,
 to my no small dysmay.
 Then busyed I my selfe in thyngs
 that myght me mooste delyght,
 And sought the chiefst means I could,
 to helpe my weryed spyght.

Somtyme

C.ii.

Egloga

Somtyme I wold behold the felds,
and Hylles that thou doste se,
Somtime I wold betraye the Wyres,
that lyght on lymed tree,
Especially in Shepfare tyme,
when thicke in flocks they flye,
One wold I take, and to her Leg,
a lymed Lynne wold tye,
And where þe flock flew thickest, there
I wold her cast awaye,
She strayght vnto the rest wold hye,
amongst her mates to playe.
And preasyng in the myddle of them,
with Lynne and Lynne, and all,
With cleuyng wyngs, entangled fast
they downe togyther fall.
Somtyme I wold the lytel fyth:
with bayted Hooke beguyle:
Somtyme the craftye fore I wold,
deceyue for all his wyle:
Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold pursue,
somtyme the sompyng Boozie:
And whan with labour all the daye,
my weryed Lynns were soozie.

Than

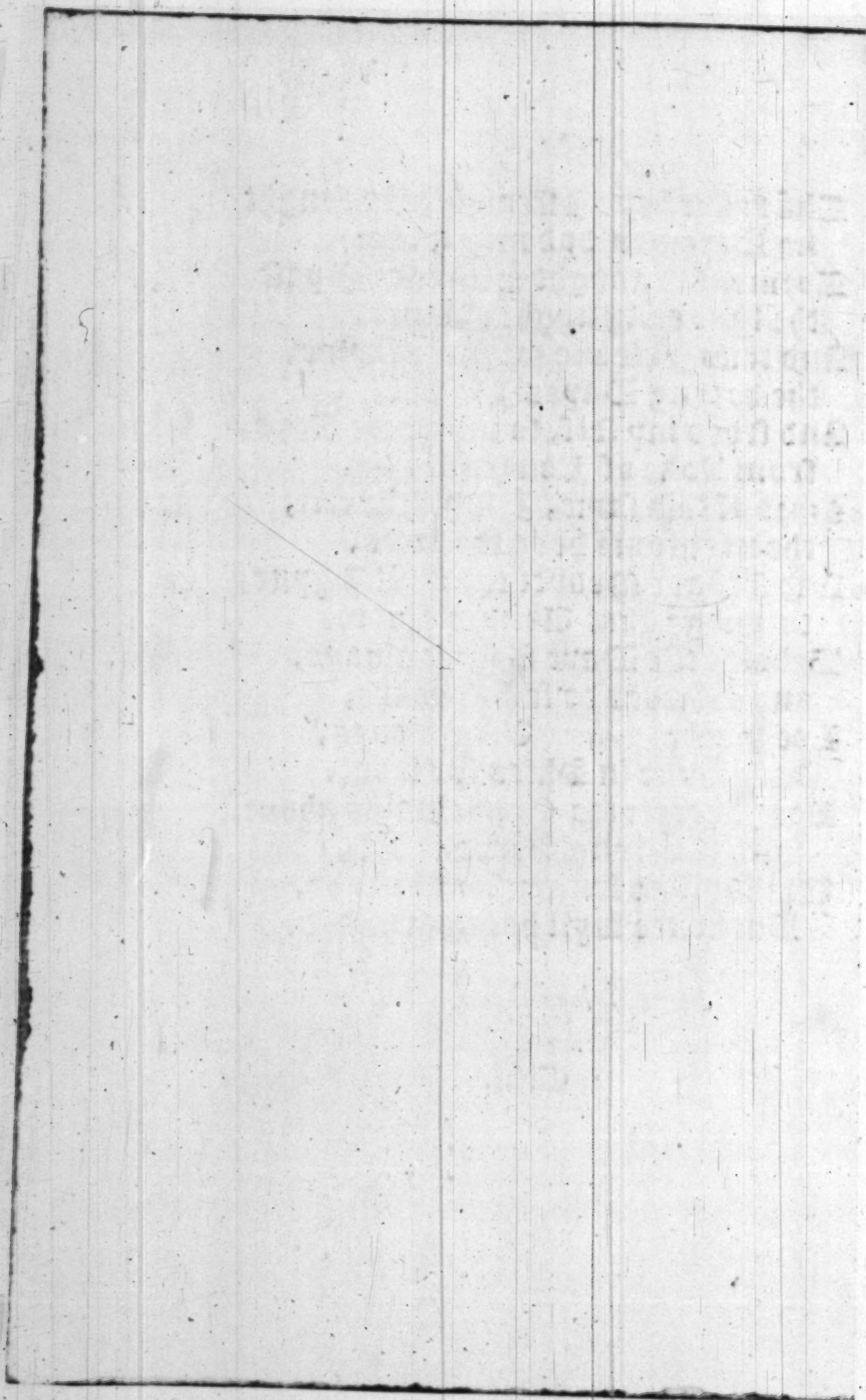
sexta.

Thā rest & slepe I straightway sought
no Dreames dyd me afraye:
Tormented nought with care, I pass
the lynchryng nyght awaye.
And thus I cleane forgot: in tyme,
the dotyng Dayes I sawe,
And freed my self, to my great Joye,
from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
More of this same, I wyll the tell,
the next tyme here we mete,
And stronger Medycines wyll I geue,
to purge that Venym swete.
Beholde the Daye is slpyt awaye,
and Starres do fast appeare,
Loe where *Calisto* Virgin ones,
doth hyne in Skies so cleare.
Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
with twynnyng Serpent bye,
We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Finis Eglogæ sextæ.

C.iii.

Eglogæ



Egloga septima.

Silvanus. Sirenus. Delusla.

S *Sirenus* Shephard good and thou,
that hast yll lucke in loue,
The cause of al my hurt by whom
my lutes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,
to be reuenged of the,
foz whan I might haue ben with ease,
yet wold not suffer me.
The Loue that I *Duerda* bare,
on the to shewe my Spyte:
On the in whom my Ladye sayre,
had once her whole delyght.
If thy mishaps do not me greue,
my mischieses neuer ende,
Thynke not *sirenus* that bycause,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the wo:ser wyl assure thy self
so base my loue neuer semde
That onely I shuld fauour her.
but all that she esteemde.

c.iii.

Thus

Egloga

Siren.

Thou eyther art *siluanus* bozne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
Whan fortune frownes to lyue,
O: els hath Nature placed in the
so strong and stoute a mynde.
Suffysage not, thyne pls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde,
That may the Griefes of others help,
I se thou art so bent,
That fortune can the not amase,
for all her mysciefes ment,
I promps the *siluanus* heare,
tyme playne in the doth show,
How dayly she discouers things,
that erst dyd men not know.
I can not beare the Griefes I feale,
my force is all to faynt,
I neuer could as thou canst stynt,
the teares of my complaynt.
Diana hath procured the paynes,
that I shall neuer ende,
When fyrst she fals her troth to me,
she kyld a faythfull frende.

Sexta.

I meruayle how she could so soone, *Siluan.*
put the out of her mind,

I well remembze synce thou wentst
alone I dyd her fynd.

In place that sozow semde to shape,
where no man stood her nye,

But onely (I vnhappy wretch,)
that herd her wofull crye,

And this with teares alowde she sayd,
O wretch in yll tyme borne.

What chaunce hast thou? that thus thou
Sirenus swete forlorne. (hast

Gone ouer pleasures now,

Let neuer Joye the please,

Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst
that may thy hart dyssease.

When thou doste hym forget I wpyth,
all mischifes on the lyght,

And after death, the fendes of Hell,
torment thy luyng spryght.

What man wold here beleue? *Siren.*
that she that thus could speake,

In so shorte tyme as I haue bene
awaye. wolde promys breake.

Egloga

O steadfastnes and Constancy,
how seldome are you founde:
In womens harts to haue your seats,
O long abydyng ground:
Who looke how much more earnest
at fyrst they hearts do set, (they,
So much more sooner euer more,
where late they loued, forget:
Full well could euer I beleue,
all women gylty of this:
Sane her alone, in whom I iudge,
neuer nature wrought amis:
But sins her maypage how she spends
Siluanus I pray the tell:
Siluan. Some say she lyketh it very ill,
and I beleue it well:
For *Delius* he that hath her now,
although he welthy be,
Is but a lout and hath in hym,
no handsome qualytie:
For as for all, suche thynges wherin,
we Shepheardes haue delyght,
As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
to sound a Baggye ryght:

In

17
Septima.

In all these things he is but an Ape;
and nothyng he can,

They saye tys qualities but tush,

Its ryches makes a man:

What woman is that y^e cōmeth here, *Siren.*

Silvanus. canst thou tell?

Its one hath sped as well in Loue, *Silvan.*

as we, I knowe her well:

She is one of fayre *Guerdas* frendes;

who keeps her beasts below,

Not far from hence bi her thou maist;

Diaua State wel know.

She loued hear a Shephearde cald,

Alanus longe a go:

Who fauers one *ysmenia* now,

the cause of al her wo:

No place so fyt for the as this,

Lo heare *Silvanus* stands, *Silvan.*

Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine

at cruel fortunes hands,

This company besemes the well,

fayr Shepheards both good deane,

To the *Seluagina* eke of Hope, *Silva.*

whom Loue hath spoyled cleane:

C.v.

A

Egloga

Silv. A thousande better dayes I wyl,
than thou hast had before,
Silv. At length may better fortune fall,
for worse can not be more.
To truste the sayned words of men,
Loe, thus pooze womens speeds,
Silv. And men do smarte not through your
but your vnconstant deeds. (words
for you whan earnestlyest you loue,
no thyng can chaunce so lyght.
But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
your mynde is altered quight.
If we but ones, absent our selues,
the shortest tyme we maye,
So muche vnconstant is your minds
Loue sozeth strayght awaye,
Example take *Silv.* here,
whom once *Diana* lobb,
As all we know, and looke how soone
her mynd is now remobb:
No, no, there is not one of you,
that constant can remayne:
Silv. You iudge but of malicious hart,
and of a Ialous Brayne.

All

Septima.

All thyngs you do your selues effeme,
and men must beare no blame.

Of your discomblyng noughty deeds,
we women beare the shame.

saye Damesell yf you can perceyue *Siren.*
Siluanus true doth saye

There is not one amongst you all,
but doth from reason straye.

What is the cause that women thus?
in theyr vnconstancye,

Do cast a man from hyst hap,
to deepest myserye?

Its nothyng els, I you assure,
but that you know not well,

What thing is loue, & what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.

Your symple wyts are all to weake,
Unfayned loue to know,

And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you so shortly grow.

Sirenis indge not so of vs,
our wyts be not so base,

But that we know as well as you,
whats what in every case.

Siluan.

And

Egloga

And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought
Teache men to lyue, & more to loue,
yf loue myght well be taught,
And for all this, yet do I thynke,
no thyng can moſer be.
Than womens ſtate. it is the moſt,
I thynke of eche degree.
For yf they ſhow but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.
And yf they ſpeake not when you liſt,
than ſtrayght you ſay, they are hye.
And that they ar, diſdainfull Dames,
and yf they chaunce to talke,
Thā cownt you thē for chattring Pies,
whole tongs muſt alwayes walke.
And yf perhaps they do forbear,
and Silence chaunce to keepe,
Than tuſh, ſhe is not for company,
ſhe is but a ſymple ſheepe.
And yf they beare good wyll to one,
thē ſtrayght they are iudged nought
And yf yll name to ſhun they leaue,
Unconſtant they are thought.

Who

18
Septima.

Who nowe can please these Ialous
the faulte is all in you, (heads;
for women neuer wold chaunge theyr
yf men wold styll be true, (minds
To this, I well could answer you, Siren.
but tyme doth byd me staye,
And women must the last worde haue
no man may say them naye.
Passe ouer this, and let vs here,
what lucke you haue had in loue,
And shewe yf euer loue of man,
your constaunt hart could moue.
No fytter place can be than this,
here maye you safely rest,
Thus sytting here, declare at large,
the secretes of your brest.
Naye: lenger here we maye not hyde, Siluag.
but home we must alwaye,
Loe how the Son denies his Beames
depryuing vs of daye.

Finis Egloge septime.

Egloga

Egloga octaua.

Coridon.

Cornix:

Now ragethe Titan fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whose hote reflection, makes vs
an ouer feruent heate: (feale
With fyery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues by he dryues: (blud
And sends them downe, with boylng
to shorten Mylers lyues.
Loe, how the beasts, lyes vnder trees
how all thynge seekes the shade,
O blessed God, that some defence,
for euery hurte hast made,
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued
& springing fountaine cleare, (Wecch
Heare shade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* rest we here,
And let vs songs begyn to syng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the combyng world
we breake no sleaps by nyght.

Both

octaua.

Both place and tyme my *Coridon*
exhorteth me to synge,

Cornix:

Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.

Who gyues vs pasture for our beasts
and blesteth our encrease:

By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with ease.

Who keepes vs down, from climyng
wher honour breeds debate, (hye

And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in symple Shephards state,

A lyfe that sure doth fare excede,
eche other kynd of lyfe:

O happy state, that doth content,
How farre be we from stryfe?

Of hym therfore, me lyst to synge,
and of no wanton toyes,

for hym to loue, and hym to prayse,
surmounts all other Joyes.

O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,

Remove Dame *Venus* from your eyes
and harken here a whyle.

A God

Egloga

A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gaze on here,
By whō we lyue, (vntħāksful beasts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy states
by whom we get our wealth.
A God: that sends vs that we neede,
a God: that vs defends.
A God: from whom the Angels hys,
on moztall men attends.
A God: of suche a Clemencie,
that who so hym doth loue
Shall here be sure to rest a whyle,
and alwayes rest aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Beasts we nought esteeme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
most pleasaunt those do seme,
(Vnthankfull mysers) what do we?
what meane we thus to straye?
from suche a God, so mercysfull,
to walke a woꝛser waye?

Maye

octava.

maye nought his benefyts procure?
 maye nought his mercyes moue?
 maye nothyng bynde, but nedes we
 gyue hate to hym for loue? (must?
 O happy (ten tymes) is the man,
 (a Wyde full rare to fynde)
 That loueth God with all his hart,
 and kepes his lawes in mynde.
 He shalbe blest in all his works,
 and safe in every tyme,
 He shall swete quietnes enioye,
 whyle other smarte for Cryme.
 The threathyng chaüces of the world
 shall neuer hym annoye,
 The fortune frowns on foolish men
 he shalbe sure to ioye.
 for why? the Angels of the Lorde,
 shall hym defende alwayes,
 And set hym free, at every harmes,
 and hurts at all assaies.
 Euen he that kept the Prophet safe, *David.*
 from mouthes of Lyons wyld,
 And he that once preserved in flags, *Moses.*
 the sely suckyng Chylde,

The

D.i.

Egloga

Elias.

The God that sed, by Rauen's Wyll,
the Teacher of his worde,
Shall tyme (no doubt) in safetie kepe,
from fampyn, fyre, and Sworde.

Iupiter.

Not he, whom Poets old haue saynd,
to lyue in Heauen hye,
Embracyng Boyes: (O fylthy thyng)
in beastly Lecherie.

Iuno.

For Iuno she: (that wrinkled fads,)
that Quene of Skyes is calde,

Saturn.

For soleyne Saturne Charlysh Chaffe,
with Scalpe of Cancre bald.

Mars.

For fampyng foole, with sperry face,
that moues the fyghters mynd.

Venus.

For Venus she: (that wanton wench)
that guyds the Shoter blynd.

Cupido.

Can the defende: as God wyll do,
for they were synfull fooles,

Romeins.

Whō fyrst y blynd hys mytted Gyfte
brought in to wyse mens Schooles.

No none of these, but God alone,
ought worshyp for to haue,

For they se? all they? Honour ones,
rest ye in synkyng Graue.

Here

octaua.

Heare hast thou heard, the happy state
of them that lyue in feare,
Of God: & loue hym best: now lyst,
his foes reward to heare,
And syt know thou that euery man,
that from this God doth goe,
And folows lust, hym he acountes,
to be his deadly foe,
This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,
as he is mercyfull,
And suffers long, reuengyng slow,
So when we be thus dull,
That we wyl not perceaue in tyme,
the goodnes of his grace,
His fauour straight, he doth withdraw
and tournes a way his face.
And to him selfe then doth he say,
How long shall I permit
These stubburne beastes, for to rebell?
and shall I loue them yet,
That hate me thus? or haue I nede
theyr louynge mynds to craue?
I aske nomoze but onely loue,
and that I can not haue.

D.ii.

Well,

Egloga

Well, wel, I wil not care for them,
that thus do me dyspyle,
Let them go lyue, euen' as they lyst,
I turne away myne eyes.
When God hath thus sayd to him self,
Then doth the braynlesse foole,
Cast Byrdle of, and out he runnes,
neglectynge vertues Schoole,
Then doth the Deuyl geue him lyne,
and let him rune at large,
And Pleasure makes his Mariner,
to row in vyces Barge,
Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes,
he hoyses hie in hast,
And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
a wynd that Pluto plast,
Then cuttes he swyft, the seas of sin,
and through the Chanell deape,
With Joyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
whom Pleasure bryngs a sleape,
Then who so happy thinks hym selfe?
who dreames of ioy but he?
Tush, tush, sayth he : to thynk of God,
Anage suffiseth me,

Now

octaua.

Now wil I passe my pleasaunt youth,
 Such toyes becomes this age,
 And God shall followe me sayth he,
 I wyll not be his page,
 I wyll be proud, and looke a loft,
 I wyll my body decke,
 With costly clothes, a boue my state
 Who then dare gyue me cheeke?
 Garments som time, so gard a knaue, *Coridon.*
 that he dare mate a knyght,
 Yet haue I sene a *Nec* in hemp,
 for Checking often lyght.
 The Peacocks plume shal not me pas *Cornix.*
 that nature finely framde
 for coulored sylkes shal set me fourth,
 that nature shalbe hamde,
 My Sworde shal get me valiant fame,
 I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,
 And *Mars* you know, must *Venus* haue,
 to recreate his spryght.
 I wyll oppresse the symple knaue,
 Shall Saues be sawsy now?
 Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,
 with Cappe to crowche, & bow.

D.iii.

Thus

Egloga

Thus fareth he, and thus he lynes;
no whyt esteemyng God,
In health, in toy, and lustynes,
free from the smartyng Rod,
But in the midst of all his myght,
whyle he suspecteth least,
His happy chaunce, begynneth to chaunge
and eke his fleetynge feast,
For death (that old deuourynge Wold)
whom goodmen nothyng feare,
Coms saylynge fast, in Galley blacke,
and whan he spyeth hym neare.
Doth boorde hym strayght, & grapels
and than begynneth the fyght. (fast
In ryot leaps, as Captayne chiefe,
and from the Maynmast ryght,
He downward cometh, and surfet than;
assayleth by and by,
Then byle diseases forwarde shoues,
with paynes and gryefe therby,
Lye stands aloft, and fyghteth hard,
but pleasure all agaste.
Doth leaue his ore, and out he flies
then death approacheth fast.

And

octaua.

And giues the charge so soze, & needs
must lyfe begyn to flye,
The farewell all. The wretched man
with Carpen Co:se doth lye,
Whō Deth hymself flyngs ouer bo:rd,
amyd the Seas of syn,
The place wher late, he sweetly swam
now lyes he drowned in.
Contynnall torment hym awaytes,
(a Monster byle to tell)
That was begot of Due Desert,
and raggeth now in Hell,
With greedy mouth he alwayes feeds
vpon the Synndrownd soule,
Whose greedy Patres, do neuer ceas,
in synfull sinde to prowle.
Loe. This the ende, of everye sache
as here lynes lustylve
Neglectyng God thou seest. in byce,
to lyne. in syn do dye.
What shuld I speke of al theyr harms
that happens them in lyfe? (blud
They: Cōscience prickt, they: barren
they: toyle, they: grief, they: fryse,
With

Egloga

With mischiefes heaped many a one,
which they do neuer trye,
That Loue: & feare the myghty God,
that rules and raynes on hye,
To long it weare, to make discourse,
and Phebus downe descends,
And in the Clowdes his beames doth
which tempest sure portends, (hyde
Looke how the beastes begin to sing)
and cast theyr heades on hye,
The Hearonshew mountes a boue the
y Crowes ech wher do cry (Clouds
All this shewes rayn, tyme byds vs go
com Coridon alwaye,
Take vp thy Staffe, fetch i thy beasts
let vs go whyle we maye.
Cornix agreed, go thou before,
yon cursed Bull of myne
I must go dryue: he neuer bydes,
among my fathers kyne.

Coridon:

Finis Egluge octaue.

Epytaphes.

**An Epytaph of the Lorde
Sheffeldes Death.**

When Butyrsh boye, and rage of
in Clownysh harts began (war
When Tigres foute, in Taners
bmmsted all they ran, (bonde
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth
and of a courage good,
By clabbish hāds, of crabbed Clowns
there spent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not,
his honoz all was bayne,
Amyd the prease, of Mastpe Curres,
the valyant Lorde was flayue.
And after suche a sorte (Druth,)
that who can teares suppress.
To thynke þ Dunghyll Dogs shuld
the floure of worthynes. (darent
Whyle as the rauenynge Molnes he
his gylteles lyfe to saue. (prayed
A bladdye Butcher byg and blunt,
a vyle vnweldy knaue

C.i.

With

Epytaphes.

With beastly blow of boysterous byll
at hym (O Lord) let dye,
And cleste his head, and sayd therewith
Shalt thou be leste alpye?

O Lord that I had present ben,
and Hector's force withall,
Before that from his Carlysh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.

Then shulde that peasaunt vyle haue
the clap vpon his Crowne, (felt
That shuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dyspyng Lordes adowne.

Then shuld my hands haue saued thy
good Lord who deare I loued (lyfe
Then shuld my hart in doutfull case,
full well to the ben proued,
But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
thy Corps in earth doth lye.

Thy kyng and Countrey for to serue
thou dydst not feare to dye.

Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle
all suche as well the knewe,
And euery man laments thy case:
and Goode thy death doth rewe.

Can

Epytaphes.

**AN Epytaphe of M. Shelley
slayne at Musselbroughe.**

V Van Mars had moued mortall
and forced sumyſh heate (hate
And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
to ſyt with Swoorde in Seate,
The Scottes vntrue with fyghtynge
theyꝝ promys to denye, (hande,
Aſſembled faſt, & England thought,
the trothe with them to trye.
Chose *Musclebroughe* theyꝝ fyghtynge
amyd thoſe barrayne fyelds (place
Theyꝝ breche of fayth, there not to try
with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
In battayle braue, and Armye ſtrong
Encamped ſooze they laye,
Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
That Englyſh men were all agast,
with quakyng ſtaues in hande.
To ſe theyꝝ enemyes lye ſo neare,
and death with them to ſtande.

C.ii.

Ro

Epytaphes.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out o2 fyre.
And who shuld fy2t the Onset gyue,
was sure therin to dye.
Thus al dismayde, and to2apt in feare
with doutfull mynde they stande,
If best it be, with fyght of foote,
to tryue o2 fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn fronte.
with hawtye mynde gan speake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Unwo2thye com of Brutus race,
is this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Dastardes all.
that dare them set bpon.
Then Shelley all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes lve, no2 maydly men,
ne yet of Dastards kynde,
I wold you wyffe dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughte nought
but deth to all mens eye (appeare
And

Epytaphes

And with these wordes (O noble hart)
 no longer there he stayde,
 But forth before them all he sprang
 as one no whyt dismayed
 With charged staffe on foynyng horse
 his Spurres with heeles he strykes,
 And forewarde runnes with swyftstepe
 among the mortall Pykes race,
 And in this race with famous ende,
 to do his Countrey good,
 Gave Onset fyrst vpon his foes,
 and lost his vitall blud.

¶ finis.

An Epytaphe of Maister Thomas Phayre.

The hawtye verse, y^e M^{ay}re wrote
 made Rome to wonder muche
 And meruayle none for why the
 and waightynes was suche. (Style
 C.iii. That

Epitaphes.

That all men iudged *Parnassus* Mount
had clefted her selfe in twayne,
And brought forth one, that seemed to
come out *Minervaes* bryayne. (drop
But wonder more, maye *Wyttayne*
wher *Phayre* dyd flourish late, (great
And barreyne tong with swete accord
reduced to suche estate:
That *Virgils* verse hath greater grace
in forrayne foote obtaynde,
Than in his own. who whilst he lyued
eche other *Poets* staynde.
The Noble *H. Hawarde* once,
that raught eternall fame,
With mighty *Style*, did bring a pece
of *Virgils* worke in frame,
And *Crimaold* gaue the lyke attempt,
and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
whose famous wyte in *Scottys* ryme
had made an ende of all.
But all these same dyd *Phayre* excell,
I dare presume to wyte,
As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames,
the dymme Starre in lyght.

The

Epytaphes

The enuyous fates (O pytie great,
had great disdayne to se,
That vs amongst there shuld remain
so fyne a wyt as he,
And in the mydd of all his toyle,
dyd force hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyt so,
that neuer man shall ende.

An Epytaphe of the Death of Nicolas Grinauld.

Behold this fle-
tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe,
by comon course and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a passyng daye.
for looke as lyfe,
that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,

E. liii.

The

Epitaphes.

Tht pelasaunt yeares,
and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our foe,
consumeth all to nought.
Enuyeng these,
with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that whiche is,
the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
He stayes he at,
the hie Sharpe wytted sect.
For yf that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coude moue hym to forbear,
O Grimaold then,
thou hadste not yet gon hence
But heare hade st sene,
full many an aged yeare
He had the mu-
ses losse so fyne a floure,

Epytaphes?

For had Minerva
 wept to leaue the so,
 If wylidome myght
 haue fled the fatall howze,
 Thou hadste not yet
 ben suffred to go,
 A thousande dolty
 Geese we myght haue sparde,
 A thousande wyles
 heads, death might haue found
 And taken them,
 for whom no man had carde,
 And layde them lowe,
 in deepe obliuious grounde,
 But fortune fa-
 uours fooles as old men saye
 And lets them lye,
 and take the wyle awaye.

¶ Finis.

C. b.

C. c.

Sonettes.

To Master Alexander
Howell.

The Muses lope,
and well they may to se,
So well they la:
boare com to good successe,
That they sustay:
ned long agoe in the,
Minerva snayles,
Phœbus can do no lesse,
But ouer all,
they chynely do reioyse,
That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddest chuse,
(O good and happy choyse)
In sacred Scholes,
thy luckye peares to trayne,
By whiche thou hast
obtaynde (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,

And

Sonettes.

And by thy lyfe,
to please the immortall kyng,
Then whiche so good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Physycke fyls the Purse,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we scape the Curse,
And haue the blys
of God, when we be gone.
Is this but one:
ly Scriptures for to reade?
No, no. Not talke,
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

To Doctor Bale.

Thod aged Bale:
that with thy hoary heares
Doste yet persylke,
to turne the paynefull Booke,

Sonettes.

O happye man,
that hast obtaynde suche year es,
And leabst not yet,
on Papers pale to looke,
Gyue ouer now
to beate thy werped brayns,
And rest thy Pen
that long hath laboured soore
for aged men
vnset sure is suche paine,
And the beseems
to labour now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With Booke in hand,
to haue thy dyeng dape.
¶ finis.

— **To M. Edwarde Cobham.**

Old Socrates,
whose wysdome dyd excell,
And past the reache,
of wyldest in his tyme,
Surmonn.

Sonettes,

Surmounted all,
that on the earth dyd dwell;
That Craggye Hyls,
of vertue hys dyd clyme,
That Socrates,
my Cobham dyd allowe,
Eche man in yowth,
hym selfe in Glasse to bew;
And wyld them oft,
to vse the same, but how?
Not to delyght,
in forme of sadnyng bew.
Nor to be proude
therof, as many be,
But for to stryue,
by beautie of the mynde,
for to adourne,
the beautie he doth se.
If warlyke forme,
Dame Nature hym assignde,
By vertuous lyfe,
than cōtēnānce for to get,
That shall deface,
the fayrest of them all,

Duche

Sonettes.

Suche Beantie as
no age noꝝ yeares wyl fret:
That flies with fame,
whan fyckle foꝝme doth fayle,
Thus muche I saye,
that here to the pꝛesent,
My woꝛdes a Glasse
foꝝ the to looke vpon.
To the whom God,
in tender yeares hath lent,
A towardenes,
that maye be mused vpon,
Suche towardenes,
as in moꝝe grauer yeares,
Doth sure a hope,
of greater thyngs pꝛetende,
Thy noble mynde,
that to thy frendes appeare,
Doth shewe the blud,
wherof thou doste descende,
The gentlenes,
thou blest vnto all suche,
As smallpe haue
deserued good wyl of the,

Doth

Sonettes,

Doth shewe the grace,
thou hast that sure is muche,
As euer yet,
in any Ioyde,
Thy wyt as rype,
as Nature well can gyue,
Declares a grea-
ter hope than all the rest,
That shall remayne,
to the whilst thou doste lyue,
In desperate pls,
a Medycyne euer prest.
The good behauour,
of thy selfe in place
Wher soener that
thou chauncest for to lyght,
So much both beantie,
mynde and wyt doth grace
As well can be
requyred of any wyght.
What resteth now?
but onely God to prayse,
Of whom thou hast
receaued these Gyftes of thyns,

Sonettes.

So shalt thou long,
lyue heare with happye dayes,
And after Death,
the starry Skyes shalt chyme,
Let noughtye men,
saye what they lyst to the,
Trade thou thy selfe,
in seru yng hym aboute,
No sweeter ser-
uyce can deuyled be,
Whom yf thou fearest,
and saythfully doste loue,
Be sure no thyng,
on earth shall the annoye,
Be sure he wyl,
the from eche harme defende,
Be sure thou shalt,
long tyme thy lyfe entoye,
And after ma-
ny yeares to haue a blessed ende.

¶ Finis.

¶

Sonettes.

Of Edwardes of the
Chappell.

Deuyne Camenes
 That to your sacred food,
 Have fed and so-
 sterdebp from tender yeares,
 A happye man,
 that in your fauour stode
 Edwards in Courte
 that can not fynde his feares
 Your names be blest,
 that in this present age
 So fyne a head,
 by Arte haue framed out
 Whom some hereaf-
 ter helpt by Poets rage,
 Perchaunce maye matche,
 but none shall passe (no doubt)
 O Plantus yf
 thou wert alpye agayne,
 That Comedies
 so fynely dydste endyte.

f.i.

D3

Sonettes.

O Terence thou
that with thy pleasant braynes
The hearers mynde
on stage dydst much delyght.
What wold you say
if you should beholde,
As I haue done
the doyngs of this man?
No word at all,
to sweare I durst be bolde,
But burne with teares,
that which with mytch began,
I meane your bookes,
by which you gate your name,
To be forgot,
you wolde commit to flame.
Alas I wolde
Edwards more tell thy prayse,
But at thy name
my muse amased stapes.

Sonettes.

To L. Blundeston.

Some men be coun-
sted wyse that well can talke:
And some because
they can eche man begyle.
Some so; because
they know well chese from chylke;
And can be sure,
weepe who so lyst to smyle.
But (Blundeston) hym
I call the wysest wyght,
Whom God gyues grace
to rule affections ryght.

The Answer of L. Blundeston
to the same.

Affections seekes
hygh honours frayle estate,
Affections doth
the golden meane repone.
Affections turns
the frendly hart to hate,

f. ii.

Affecti-

Sonettes.

Affections breede
without discretion Loue,
Both wyse and hap=
pye (Googe) he maye be hyght,
Whom God gyues grace,
to rule affections ryght.

To Alexander Aeuell.

The lytell fyth,
that in the strems doth fleet
With brode forth stret=
ched fyns for his disporte
When as he spyres,
the fpyshes bayte so swete,
In haste he byes,
fearynge to com to thorte.
But all to soone
(alas) his gredy mynde,
By rash attempt,
doth bryng hym to his bane,
for where he thought
a great relpefe to fynde,

By

Sonettes.

By hydden hooke,
 the symple sole is tane.
 So fareth man,
 that wanders here and there,
 Thynkyng no hurt
 to happen hym therbye,
 He connes awayne,
 to gaze on Beauties cheare,
 Takes all for golde
 that glysters in the eye,
 And neuer leaves
 to seade by lookyng long,
 On Beauties Bayte,
 where Bondage lyes entwapt,
 Bondage that makes
 hym synge an other song,
 And makes hym curse
 the bayte that hym entrapte.
 Newell to the,
 that louest their wanton looks,
 seade on the bayte,
 but yet beware the Hooke.

f.iii.

Caloran:

Sonettes.

Alexander Penells Answere
to the same.

Is not cursed Cupids Dart:
Nor Venus cankered Spyght,
It is not vengeance of the Gods
That wretched harts doth smyght,
With restlesse rage of carefull Lous.
No, No, thy force alone
Affection fond, doth sty: these flames.
Thou causest vs to mone
And waile, & curs our wretched stats.
Our thyse unhappy plights,
Our sighes, & powdered sobes w tears,
Our greuous gronyng Sprights,
Thy hateful Malice doth procure:
O fancey flaming feend
Of Hel. for thou in outwarde shape,
And colour of a frende
Dost by thy Snarcs & lyned Hooks
entrap the wounded harts:
From whence these Helllike torments
A cuer greauyng Smarts. (sp: yng,
Whence

Sonett's

Whence Pipe of minde, w^{ch} changed
Whence face besmeard wth teares. (where
Whence thousand mischiefs more, wher
suche p^{er}uers lines outweares. (w^{ch}
Our gasping eyes on Belwies bayt
do worke out endles bane.

Our eyes I say doo worke: our woo,
Our eyes procure our paine.

These are the Traps to beere mynds
Here Gyns and Snares do lye.
Here fyre & flames by fancie framde,
In brest doo broyle and frye.

O Goose the Bayte sone spyed is,
Soone betw^{ixt} their wanton lookes.

Wheron to feede, and yet to shun,
The priuy lurking hookes. (is
Their pain, Their toile, Their labour
There There lyes endles strife.

O happie th^{at} that Man account,
Whose well directed Lye

Can fly those yls, which fancy stirs,
And lyue from Bondage free.

A Phoenix ryght on yearth (no doubt)

A Wyde full rare to see.

¶ To

Sonettes

To M. Henrype Cobham
of the most blessed
state of Lyfe.

The happycst lyfe
that here we haue,
My Cobham ys
I shall desyre,
The goodlyest state,
thyrte byrth and grane,
Most gracious
dayes and swetest tyme,
The fayrest face,
of sadynge Lyfe,
Kace ryghtlyest ronne,
in ruthfull wayes,
The safest meanes
to shun all stryfe:
The surest Staffe,
in fyckle Dayes:
I take not I
as some do take,
To gape and galone,
for Honours hye,

But

Sonettes.

But Court and
 Cōse to forsake,
 And lyue at home,
 full quyetlye,
 I well do mynde,
 what he once sayde,
 Who bad, Courte not
 in any case,
 for Vertue is,
 in Courtes decayed,
 And Apce with States,
 hath chycfest place,
 Not Courte but Countreie
 I do iudge,
 Is it wheare lyes,
 the happpest lyfe,
 In Countreie growes,
 no gratynge grudge,
 In Countreie standes
 not sturdye stryfe,
 In Countreie,
 Bacchus hath no place,
 In Countreie
 Venus hath defecte,

f.b.

In

Sonettes.

In Countreys
Thou hath no grace,
In Countreys
fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.
But these same four
and many moe,
In Courte,
thou shalt be sure to fynde,
for they haue bowed,
not thence to goe,
Bycause in Courte,
dwels ydle mynde.
In Countreys
mayste thou safely rest,
And see all these,
yf that thou lyfte,
The Countrey therfore,
iudge I be st,
Where godly lyfe,
doth vyce respyte,
Where vertuous
exercyse with ioye,
Doth spende the yearesh
that are to run,

where

Sonettes.

Where Wyces fewe,
make the annoye,
This lyfe is best
whan all is done.

To Alexander Renell of the
blessed State of him that
feeles not the force of
Cupidos flames.

As ofte as I
remembre with my self,
The fancies sonde,
that flame by foolyshe Loue,
And marke the furyes
fell, the blynded else
And Venus she
that raynes so soze aboue,
As ofte as I
do se the wofull state,
Of Louers all,
and eake their myserye,
The ones despy-
rting mynde the others hate,

Trothe

Sonettes.

Trothe with the one,
with the other Trecherie,
So ofte saye I,
that blessed is the wyght,
Pea Newell blest,
and double blest agayne,
That can by rea-
son rule his mynde a ryght,
And take eache foo-
lysh fadyngge toyes for bayne.

Alexander Newells An-
swere to the same.

The plüged mind in fluds of griefs
The Sences drowned quyght,
The Hart opprest. The flesh con-
The chaüged state outright. (sumed
The Body dzyed by broylýng blase,
Of preyng scorchýng flame.
The doulfull face. The countenance sad
The drowping Courage tame.
The Scaldýng syghes. The greuous
The burning rage of fyre (groones
The

Sonettes,

The ernest sute, The fruitles Toyle.
 The deepe and hot Desyre,
 The Baynes quight bzaud & crast to
 The euer duryng soore. (Cares.
 The very paynes of Hell it self,
 with thousande mischyses mooze,
 Which wounded Harts enflamd with
 with Gryefe do ouerflow, (Loue
 And works theyr endles plage & spight
 Tyll Death from thence do growe.
 All these conclude him blest (my Googe)
 and tribble blest agayne,
 That taught bi tract of Time can take
 Such fadyng Toyes for bayne.

To Maystrelle A.

Since I so long haue lybed in pain
 and burnt for loue of the,
 (O cruel hart) doste thou no more
 esteame the Loue of me,
 Regardst thou not, the health of hym?
 that the, aboue the rest

Of

Sonnettes.

Of Creatures all, and next to God,
hath dearest in his brest.
Is pittie placed from the so farre
is gentlenes cryde?
Hast thou ben fostered in the Caves,
of Wolues or Lyons wyldes?
Hast thou ben so? why then no fauce,
the lesse I meruaile I,
Suche as the Dame, suche is the yong
experpence trewe doth trye.
Syth thou art of so sperce a mynde,
why dyd not God then place
In the, with suche a Tygers Harte,
a fowle yll fauerde face?
Sure so? no other ende but that,
he lyketh no Louers trade,
And the therfore a ragynge fende,
an Angels face hath made.
Suche one as thou, was ^{Gordon} on ones
as auncient Poets tell,
Who with her Beautie mayd men,
and now doth raygne in Hell.
But merce yet, of the I craue,
yf ought in the remayne,

And

Sonettes,

And let me not so long the force,
of stamping tyme sustayne,
Let pittie ioynde with beautie be,
so shall I not dysdayne.
My blud, my hart, my lyfe to spende
with toyle, with stryfe, and payne,
To do the good, my breath to loose,
yf nede shall so requyre,
But for my seruyce and my paynes
thou gyuest me hate for hyre.
Well now take this for ende of all,
I loue and thou doste hate,
Thou lyuest in pleasures happely,
and I in wretched state.
Paynes can not last for euermore,
but tyme and ende wyll tye,
And tyme shall tell me in my age,
How youth led me awyre.
Thy face that me tormented so,
in tyme shall sure decaye,
And all that I do lyke or loue,
shall banysht quite awaye,
Thy face in tyme shall wyckled be,
at whiche I shall be glad,

To

Sonettes.

To see thy forme transformed thus,
that made me once so sad,
Than shall I blame my folp moch
and thanke the mightiest kyng
That hath me saved tyll such a daye,
to se so sonde a thyng.
And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe close
my flames and let them blase,
All secretly within my brest,
no man on me shall gase.
I wyll not crespasse synfully,
for God shall geue me grace
To se the tyme wherein I shall
neglecte thy folp face,
And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
God keepe thee far from me,
And sende thee in that place to dwell,
that I shall neuer see.

Sonettes.

To George Holmeden of a
ronnyng Heade.

The greatest byce
that happens vnto men;
And yet a byce,
that many canon haue,
As auncient Wyzters
wape with sobre Pen,
Who gaue theyr doome;
by force of wysdom graue,
The sorest mayme,
the greatest euill sure,
The vilest plague
that Students can sustayne,
And that whiche moste
doth ygnorance procure.
My Holmeden is
to haue a ronnyng Brayne,
for who is he
that leades more restless lyfe,
Or who can euer
lyue more yll bestead?

G. i.

In

Sonettes.

In tyme who lyues,
in greater Care and stypse,
Then he that hath,
suche an vnstedfast hedde:
But what is this?
me thynkes I heare the say,
Physition take,
thyne owne disease away.

To the Translation of Dallingen.

The labour swete,
that I sustaynde in the,
(D Dallingen)

when I tooke Pen in hande,
Doth greue me now,
as ofte as I the se,
But halfe hewd out,
before myne eyes to stande,
for I must needes
(no helpe) a while go toyle,
In Studyes, that
no kynde of mase delyghe.

And

Sonettes.

And put my Plow,
in grosse vntylled soyle,
And labour thus,
with ouer weyred Spryghe,
But yf that God,
do graunt me greater yeares,
And take me not
from hence, befoze my tyme,
The Muses nyne,
the pleasaunt synging scarcs
Shall so enflame
my mynde with lust to ryme,
That Palingen
I wyll not leaue the so,
But synyth the
accorpyng to my mynd.
And yf it be
my chaunce away to go,
Let some the ende,
that heare remayne bebynde.

C.ii.

Ch

Sonettes.

The Harte absent.

Sweete muse tell me,
wher is my hart becom.
foz well I feele,
it is from hence a way,
My Sences all,
doth sozrow so benumme:
That absent thus,
I can not lyue a Day.
I know foz troth,
there is a specyall Place;
Wher as it most,
despyeth foz to bee:
foz oft it leaues,
me thus in Dolfull case,
And hether comes,
at length a gayne to me?
Woldest thou so fayne,
be tolde. where is thy Harte
Sir foole in place,
wher as it shuld not be:
Tyed vp so fast,
that it can neuer starte?

Tyll

Sonettes.

I'll wylsom get,
 agayne thy Libertye:
 In place wher thou,
 as safe maist dwel sweet daw?
 As may the harte,
 ly by the Lyons paw:
 And wher for thee,
 as much be sure they passe:
 As dyd the master,
 ons for Esops Ake.

To Alexander Aeuell.

If thou canst banish Idlenes,
Cupidoes Bowe is broke,
 And well thou mayst dyspyse hys
 clean void of flame & smoke (bonds
 What moned the kynge *Agistus* ons,
 to Loue with vyle excess:
 The cause at hād doth streight apeare
 he lyued in Idlenes.

ould.

finis.

G.iii.

The

Sonettes.

The Answer of A. Reuell
to the same.

The lack of labour mayms y mind;
And wyte Reason quight exiles,
And Reason fled. flames fancy blind.
And fancy the forthwith beguyles
The Senses wight: that swiftly sails
Throug deepest fluds of vyle erres.
Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails
By meanes of drowly dolenes.

To Maystresse D.

Ad from the hye Cytherion Hyll
nor from that Ladies throne
fro whes flies forth y winged
y makes some soze to grone. (boy
But nearer hence this token coms,
from out the Dongeon deepe,
where neuer Platto yet dyd raygne
nor Proserpyne dyd sleepe.

where

Sonettes

Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt lines,
Whom duetie moues aryght,
Do waele that he so long doth lacke,
A his owne deare Maystres syght.

Out of an olde Poet.

Fye fyre, I lothe
to speake wylt thou my lust,
Compell me nowe,
to doo so foule an acte.
Nay rather God,
with flame consume to dust,
My carrion vyle,
then I persourne this facte
Let rather thoughtes,
that long, haue weryed me:
O sycknes suche
as fancy sonde hath brought,
O gappyng Hell,
dwyne me now downe to the,
Let boyleng sygbes,
consume me all to nought.

G. illi.

Ons

Sonettes.

As musynge as I sat,
and Candle burnynge bye;
When all were busht I myghte
a symple selye flye. (discern

That flew before myne eyes,
with free reioysynge Hart,
And here & there, with wings dōd play
as boyde of payne and smart,

Somtyme by me she sat,
when she had playde her fyll,
And euer when she rested had
aboute she slyttered fyll.

When I perceyud her well,
reioysyng in her place,
O happy flye quoth I, and eake,
O worme in happy case.

Whiche two of vs is best?
I that haue reason? no:
But thou that reason art without
and therewith boyde of woe.

I lyue and so doste thou,
but I lyue all in payne,
And Subiect am to her alas,
that makes my Gyfese her gayne.

When

Sonettes.

When I do heare thy name;
 alas my hart doth ryle:
 And seekes fourthwith to se the
 that most contētes myne eys. (salue
 Wnt when I se thy face,
 that hath procured my payne,
 Then boyles my blud in euery part,
 and beates in euery bayne?
 Thy voice when I do heare,
 then collour comes and goes,
 Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
 some tyme as red as Rose.
 If thy sweete face do smile,
 then who so well as I?
 If thou but cast a scoonesfull looke,
 then out alas I dye.
 But styll I lyue in payne,
 my fortune wylleth so,
 That I shuld burne & thou yet know,
 no whytt of all my wo.

G. b. Unhappy

Sonettes.

Vhappye songe,
why dydst thou not consent
When fyrst myne eyes
dyd beue that princely face,
To show good wyl,
that hart opprest than ment.
And whylst tyme was,
to sewe for present grace.
O fayntyng Hart,
why dydst thou then conceale?
Thyne inwarde fyers,
that flamde in euery bayne,
When pytie and
gentlenes, were bent to heale.
Why dydst thou not,
declare thy ragyng payne?
When well thou mightst
haue moued her gentle mynde,
Why dydst thou than,
kepe backe thy wofull playn?
Thou knewste full well,
redres is hard to fynde,
When in thy owne
affayres, thy co:age faynts.

But

Sonettes.

But synce he is
gon, bewaile thy grief no moore
Synce thou thy selfe,
wart Causer of the Soore.

Oculi augent dolorem.

Out of syght, out of mynde.

The oftener sene, the more I lust,
The more I lust, the more I smart
The more I smart, the more I trust,
The more I trust, the heavier hart,
The heavy hart, breeds myne unrest,
Thy absence therfore, lyke I best.

The rarer sene, the lesse in mynde,
The lesse in mynde, the lesser payne,
The lesser payne, lesse gryefe I fynd,
The lesser gryefe, tthe greater gayne,
The greater gayne, the merper I,
Therfore I wyll thy syght to fynde.

The further of, the more I love.
The more I love, the happyer lyfe,
The

Sonettes.

The happer lyfe, lesse hurts annoye
The lesser hurts, pleasure most ryfe,
Suche pleasures ryfe, shall I obtayne
Whē Distance doth depart vs twaine
¶ finis.

A Cuse not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolyshe brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy selfe,
art cause of all thy payne.

¶ finis.

Who Lynes shall tell the Gyfes
that I by Loue sustayne.
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryse,
of Hell I feele the payne.

Of the vnfortunate choyle
of his Valentyne.

The Paynes that all the furres
can cast fro Lynbo lake, (sell
Eche Torment of those Hellish
wher crawleth man a snake, (brains
Eche mischiefe that therrin doth lye
eche smart that may be founde,

flye

Sonettes,

Flye fro those feendish clawes a whyle
 with flames breake by the grounde,
 I pght here vpon this cursed hand,
 make here your dwelling place,
 And plague the part, y durst presume
 his Mayster to disgrace.

Whiche thrust amongst a nombre of :
 so many princely names,
 And wher thy Maistres had her place
 amongst the chiefeſt Dames,
 Durſte thus presume to leue her there
 and dꝛaue a ſtraunger wyght,
 And by thynne owne vnhappy draught
 torment my pauled Spꝛyght.

¶ The vncertayntie of Lyfe.

No bayner thing ther can be ſound
 amyd this vale of tꝛyfe,
 As Auncient men repoꝛte hane
 then truſte vncertayne lyfe. (made
 This tꝛwe we dayly fynde,
 by pꝛooſes of many yeares,

And

Sonettes.

And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
by losse of frendly fears,
Hope who so lyst in lyfe
hath but vncertayne stay.
As taylor of Cle that harder held,
doth sooner slyde away.
When leaſt we thynk therof,
moſt neare appoꝛeth it.
And ſodaynly poſſeſſes the place,
wher lyfe befoze did lyt:
How many haue byn ſeen,
in Helth to go to reſt,
And yet eate moꝛnyng tyde haue ben,
with Cruell Death oppreſt,
How many in their meales,
Haue Joyfully ben ſett,
That ſodaynly in all their feaſte,
hath yealded Earth theyꝝ dett.
Syth thus the lyfe is nought,
that in this world we truſt,
And that ſoꝛ all the pompe & Pryde,
the Bodie tourneſ to duſt:
Hope ſoꝛ the lyfe a boue,
whiche far ſurmounteth all.

With

Sonettes, 67.

With vertuous mind await the time,
When God, for vs doth call.

¶ Refusal.

Sith fortune fauoures not,
and al thynges backward go,
And sith your mynd hath so be-
to make an end of woe. (creed,
Sith now is no redreffe,
but hence I must a looy,
farewell I waite no bayner wordes,
I Hope for better day.

¶ Of Maistres. D.S.

Thy syled wordes,
p from thy mouth did flow
Thy modest looke,
with gesture of Danc.
Thy churteous mynde,
and althynges framed so.

As

Sonettes.

As answered well,
vnto thy vertuous same,
The gentlenes
that at thy handes I founde
In straungers house,
all vnaquaynted I,
Good S. hath
my Hart to the so bounde;
That from the can
it not be forced to flye,
In pledge wherof,
my seruyce here I gyue
If thou so wylte,
to serue the whylst I lyue.

Of Money.

Give Money me, take
friendshyp who so lyst,
for frends are gon
come once Aduersytie,
When Money yet
remayneth safe in Chest,

That

Sonettes.

That quickly can the
 byng from myserye,
 fayre face Howe frendes,
 when ryches do habounde,
 Come tyme of pzoofe,
 farewell they must awaye,
 Beleue me well,
 they are not to be founde.
 If God but sende
 the oncea lowynge daye.
 Golde neuer sterts
 alyde, but in dystres,
 fyndes wayes enoughe,
 to ease thyns heynnes.

Goyng towarde Spayne.

If Arewell thou fertyll soyle,
 that Brutus first out founde,
 whē he pooresoule, was driuen
 fro out his Countrey ground. Clean
 That Northward layst thy lusty sides
 amyd the ragyng Seas.

V.l.

Whose

Sonettes.

Whose welthy Land doth foster bpp;
thy people all in ease,
While others scrape & carke abroad,
theyr symple foode to gett,
And selye Soules take all for good,
that cometh to the Net. (pych;
Which they with painfull paynes do
in barrain burning Realmes;
While we haue all with our restraint
among thy welthy streames.
O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,
where welth her self doth dwell:
Wherin my tender yeares I pass,
I byd thee now farewell.
For fancy dryues me forth abroad,
and byds me take delyght,
In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
to se some straunger syght.
And sayth I was not framed heare,
to lyue at home with eas:
But passynge forth for knowledge
to cut the sompyng seas. (lake

At

Sonettes.

At Bonyuall in
Fraunce.

Fond affectyon,
wounder of my Hart,
When wilt thou Cease,
to breed my restles payne,
When comes the end,
of this my Cruell smart:
When shall my force,
beate backe thy force agayne.
When shall I save,
this restles rage of mine:
By Reason ruld,
is banysh't quyte a way,
And I escaped,
these cruell bondes of thynes:
O flaminge seend,
that seakest my decaye.
base thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
On Scylla Rocke,
in Bonyuall I dye.

H.ii.

Coming

Sonettes.

Comynge home warde
out of Spayne.

Raging Seas,
and myghty Neptune's rage,
In monstrous Bylles,
that throwest thy selfe so hye,
That wpth thy waves,
doest beate the shores of Spayne:
And breake the Clyues,
that dare thy force enuie.
Cease now thy rage,
and laye thyne Ire a syde,
And thou that hast,
the gouernance of all,
O myghty God,
graunt Wether Wynd and Tyde,
Iyll in my Coun-
treys Coast, our Anker fall.

Sonettes.

To A. Blundeston of
Ingratitude.

The lyrell Wyde,
the tender Marlyon,
That bleth ofte
vpon the Lark to praye,
With great repoehe,
doth stayne the mynde of man
If all be true,
that Wypers of her saye.
for she a Creature,
maynde of Reasons parte,
And framde to lyue
accoordynge to her mynde,
Doth seme to foster
Reason in her Hart
And to aspyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
When Hungers rage
she hath exyled quyte,
And supped well
as falleth for her state.

H.iii.

The

Sonettes,

The selye Larke,
Doth take by force of syght,
And hys to tree,
Where as she lodged late,
And on the trem-
bling Byrde all nyght she stonde,
To keepe her scete,
from force of nyppynge colde,
The amayed Wretche,
within her enemyes handes,
And closed fast,
within the claspynge holds.
Awayteth Death,
with drowse drowpyng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyfe,
The gentle Byrde,
whan darkenes doth departe
Doth not depyne,
the selye soule of lyfe,
For fylles with her
her hungred egre brest
But wayeng well,
the seruyce she hath done:

Sonettes.

To spyll the Blud,
her Nature doth detest,
And from so great
a Cryme, her selfe doth shun.
She lets her go
and moze with stedfast eyes.
Beholds whiche way
she takes with mazed syght,
And in those partes
that Daye she neuer syes
Leaste on that Wyde
agayne she chaunce to lyght.
Loe, *Blundston* beare
how kyndenes doth habounde,
In selpe Soules
where Reason is explede,
This Wyde alone
suffyleth to confounde,
The Butyrsh myndes
of men that are desplede,
With that great Vice,
that vile and haynous Cryme
Ingratitnde
(whiche some unkyndenes call.)
That

Sonettes,

That Poyson strong
that spryngeth still with tyme,
Iyll at the length,
it hath infected all.

¶ The Answer of L. Blun-
deston to the same.

¶ His Mirrour left
of this thy Wyde I fynde;
Hath not suche force,
to enter in the Hert,
To roote away,
Unthankfulness of minde,
As others haue,
the Vertues to peruert,
(so prone we are to Vice:)
The Tenche by kynd,
hath Salve for every Soore,
And heales the map-
ped Pike in his dystresse,

The

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Sonettes.

The Charlysh Pike
so Gentlenes therfore,
In his rewarde,
both Crueltie expresse.
His murdering mynde,
his fylthy spotted fayth,
When hungre pricks
to fyl his gredye Iawes,
He grypes his pooze
Chyrurgion vnto death.
Who late to hym
of lyfe was onely cause.
Thy Merlians haue
fewe Appyes in our ground
But Pikes haue Spawnes
good stooze in euery Pound

To the Tune of Appelles.

The rushing Ryuers that do run
The daleys sweet adourned new
That leans their sides against y
w flour's fresh of sudzy heu, (Sun
V.v. Both

Sonettes.

Both Ashe and Elme, and Oke so hye,
Do all lament my wofull crye.

While winter blak, wth hydious stormes
Doth spoil y^e ground of Somers grene,
While springtime sweet y^e leaf returns
That late on tree could not be sene,
While somer burns while haruest rais
Stil styl do rage my restles paynes.

No ende I find in all my smart,
But endles torment I sustayne
Synce fyrst alas, my wofull Hart
By sight of the was for it to playne,
Synce that I lost my Libertye,
Synce that thou madste a Slave of me

My Hart that once abroade was free
Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
Ous reason rulse and guyded me,
And now is wylt cōsumde wth thought
Ous I reioysed aboue the Skye,
And now for the I alas I dye.

Ous

Sonettes.

Once I reioysed in Companie,
And now my chief and whole delyghe
Is from my frendes awaye to flye
And keepe alone my werped spryghe
Thy face deuynne and my desyre,
From flesh hath me transformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that spryft byd frame,
My Ladys heare of purest Golde
Her face of Crystall to the same.
Her lippes of pzeious Rubys molde
Her necke of Alablaster whyte
Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydst thou not that tyme deuise
Why dydst thou not fozele befoze?
The mischyses that therof doth ryse,
And grief on grief doth heap with stoz
To make her hart of War alone,
And not of flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady tholue thy fauour yet,
Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
Where Rygour rulde, let Mercye syt
Let

Cupido

Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie;
Let not Disdain, a feend of Hell,
Posses the place, wher Grace shuld
(dwell.

Cupido Conquered.

The sweetest time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warminge heate begun:
Whan euery tre was clothed greene,
and flowers fayre dyd shew, (May
And when the whyt and blowmyng
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan soe I longd to seeke a bzoade,
to se some Pleasunt syght,
A mid my woes and heauye happes,
that myght my mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within,
but forst me soorth to go:
And bad me seeke sume present helpe,
for to relyue my wo.

Than

Cupido

Then forthward went I forth in haste,
to be in the garnysht trees?
What tyme the Son was mounted by,
twirt nyne and ten degrees.
From flowers flew sweete ayers a,
delighting much my brynn, (broad,
With syght & smells gat to so to fade,
and Joy retorne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my self so lyght:
for go:gyous syghtes & odours sweet
had new reuyned my sp:yghe.
Besyde the pleasaunt Harmonye,
that syngyng Byrdes did make,
Had me pul vpp my hart agayne,
and so:rowe sone forsake.
for though (quoth Reason.) she begon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,
Yet fonde it is to carbe and care
where there is none amendes.
Thus forth I went, & in the grooves
I raunged heare and there,
Wheras I hard suche pleasaunt tunes
as Heauen had ben neare.

Ilq:Q

3

Cupido

I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
ben present ther to playe,
Or if *Sir Orpheus* myght haue held,
his Harp, that present day.
Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
had stryden to excell,
None of them all, by Musycke holde,
haue bozne away the Bell.
I rather iudge the thracian wold,
his Harpe wherwith he played,
haue cast a way as one whom I re,
had bitterly dismayed.
Such passyng tunes of sundry Byrds,
I neuer herd before,
The further I went in the Woods.
the noyse resounded more.
A happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
is this that you do leade,
How far from Care and mysery,
how far from feare and dread:
With what reioysyng melodie,
pass: you this sadpyng Lyfe,
While Man unhappiest creatur liues
In wretched toyle and stryfe.

Styll

conquered

Byll forth I went and wonderd at;
this plesaunt Harmony.
And gased at these lytle Fooles,
that made suche Melody:
Tyll at the length I gan to spee,
a stately Lawrell tree,
So platt and sett in such arrayse,
That as it seemed to me,
Dame Nature stroue to shew her self
in plantyng such a thyng,
for Euen out besyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did spryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
resembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte & Greene of al the trees,
adorned late of new.
And how in order eake they stood,
a goodly syght to se,
And there I might discerne the Byrds
that songe in euery tree.
To moue the Byll I shake the wings
in bterpyng Musicke sweete
And heare and thear, to flye to scade,
and esteones theare to meete.

Great

conquered.

Great pleasure had I there to hyde,
and stare vpon the Spzyng,
For why me thought it dyd surmount,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the mydle Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Gloobe,
with flamyng Beames dyd shyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was so great
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spzyng,
whose waters were so pure.
Unwyllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneath the tree,
I laid me down whose braunches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to rest me there a while,
till fallyng some degrees,
Syz Phebus shuld haue hyd hym self,
behynde the shadowyng trees,
And the for to haue beind the Spzyng,
and marked enery place,
And seene yf there I could haue spied
the weepynge Eiblis face.

for

37
conquered.

for sure I thinke, it was the place,
wherein *Narcissus* dyed,
Or els the Well, to which was turnd
poore *Biblis* whyle she cryed.
But whether it was *Ierynes*,
with labour that I tooke,
Or fume y^e fro the *Spring* dyd ryle,
wherein I late dyd looke.
Or yf it were the sweete accorde
that syngyng *Byrdes* dyd keepe,
Or what it was, I knowe no whit
but I fell fast a sleepe.
I thinke the woddy *Pymphes* agreed
that I shuld haue this chaunce,
And that it was they^r pleasure so,
to shewe me thyngs in traunce.
Whylste I lay thus in slumbe deepe,
I myght perceyue to stande,
A Person clothed all in whyte,
that held a Rod in hande.
Whiche was me thought of, *Pasce*
I knew it very weale, (Gold,
for that was it, made *Argos* sleepe,
whyle he dyd so steale.

I. i.

Whys

Cupido

When I perceaued by his attyre,
that it was *Mercuri*.

My Hart at first began to faynt,
yet at the length quoth I

Thou Goddesse Son, why standest thou
what busines now to thee, (there
What meanest thou in thy flying weed,
for to appeare to me,

And therewithall my thought I staied,
and could no farther speake,
for feare did force my spech to faile,
and Courage wared weake.

Which when the sone of *Mai*a sawe,
he tooke me by the hand,
Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
but boldly by me stand.

The Muses all of *Helicon*,
haue sent me now to thee:

Whō thou doest serue & whose thou seekst
for euer more to be.

And thanks to the by me they sende,
Bycause thou tookest payne,
In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
~~saunce~~ payne.

Desyring

conquered.

Despying thee not for to staye,
for *Alanus* ill report,
But endyng that thou hast begun,
to spyte the Canckred sorte.
And thyнк not thou, that thou art he,
that canst escape *Dildayne*.
The day shall come when thankfull
shall well accept thy Paine, (men,
But rather lay before thyne eyes,
the hie attempts of those,
Whose statly style by painfull proofe,
they2 worthy wytes disclose,
Marke him that thundred out y2 deeds
Of olde *Anchises* son, (grate,
Whose English verse gues *Maroes*
In all that he hath done,
Whose death the *Muses* sorrow much,
that lacke of aged daves,
Amongst the comon *Bytons* old,
Should hynder *Kings* prayse.
Mark him y2 hath wel framde a Glasse
for states to looke upon,
Whose labour shewes the ends of the,
that tyued long & gone.

J. H.

Marke

Cupido

Marke hym that shewes y Tragedies
thyne owne famylar frende,
By whom y Spaniards hatory Style
in Englysh Verse is pende.
Marke these same thre, & other moe,
whose doyngs well are knowne,
Whose fayre attempts in euery place
The flying fame hath blowne,
Hast thou not harde, thy selfe in place
full ofte and many a tyme,
Lo here the Auctoz loseth grace,
Loe here a doltysh Ryme,
Now syth that they haue this reward
who passe the euen as farre,
As in the nyght *Diana* both,
Excell the dimmest Starre.
Take thou no scozne at euyl tonges;
what needst thou to disdayne?
Syth they whō none can well amend
haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.
Moreouer yet the Ladies nyne,
haue all comaunded me,
Bycause they know, the blynded God
hath some thyng pearced the.

To

conquered.

To leade the forth, a thyng to see,
yf all thyngs happen ryght,
Whiche shall gyue the occasion good,
with isyfull mynde to wyght.

To this, I wold haue answered fayne
and theare began to speake,

But as my words were cōnyng forth
my purpose he dyd bryake.

Come on (quoth he,) none Answer
we may no lenger stave. (now

But frame thy selfe, to flye abroade,
for hence we must awaye.

And here withall, on both my sydes,
two wyngs me thought dyd growe,

Of mighty breadth, away went he,
and after hym I floue.

And euer as we mounted vp,
I lookte vpon my wyngs,

And proude I was, me thought to see
suche vnacquaynted thyngs.

Tyll forth we flew, my Cuyde & I,
with mountyng flyght apace,

Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, & Hylles
and many a goodly place.

I.iii.

Tyll

Cupido

Till at the length methought I might
a Gorgyous Castell spy,
Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
and downward eake fell I,
To heare the place where y must light
San Mercury to save,
Farwell and note what thou doost se,
for I must hence away.
And with this same a way fletwe he,
and left me there alone,
Wher as with feare a maske I stood,
and thus began to mone.
Alas where am I now become,
what Cursed Chaunce hath blown,
Me from the place where I was bred,
to Countreis heare vnknon.
What ment that fell vnhappy feend,
that *Mais* brought to lyght,
To bring me from my Hartes desyre,
to see thys dolefull syght.
Unhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
his Person heare in hand,
Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him,
that brought me to this Land.

But

conquere..

But all to late alas I wysh,
for words auayle not now,
Tis best to learne, what place it is,
and yet I knowe not howe.
Alas that here were *Pytholome*,
with Compassie Globe in hande,
Whose Arte shuld shewe me true the
E Clymate where I stande, (place
Till yet what soeuer chaunce theron
what soeuer Realme it be,
Upon Castell wyll I byspte sure,
hap what hap wyll to me.
Thus much me thought alone I spoke,
and then I sozewarde went,
And cursed eke an hundred folde,
them that me thither sent.
Thus to the Castell, straght I came,
whiche when I betode aboute,
And sawe the workmanshype therof
full gorgeouslye set onte,
I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
much deutyng howe to speede,
But euer hope of happye chaunce,
my beaue Harte dyd see.

Wyde

Cupido

Wyde was the Courte & large within
the walles were rased hye,
And all engraue with Scorpys sayre
of costlye Imagrye.
There myght I se, wth monzous Arte,
the Picture porturde playne,
Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
whom Scorpions byle had slayne.
And by hym stode his Bozspeare and
his other Instruments,
His Net, his Darte, his Coursar, and
his Hunters resting Tents.
And vnder hym was wyrtten sayre,
in Letters all of Golde,
Here lies he slain, wth Scorpions sting,
vnhappy wretche that wolde,
Hane forced the Ladye of this forte
with stayne of Royaltie.
To haue consented to his wyll,
in fylthy Lecherie.
Wherfore beware that enters here,
what so er man thou art?
Accounte thy selfe but lost, yf that
thou bearste a lecherous Hart.

When

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conquered

When I had beuold these wyrtten lines
and markoe the Storpe well,
I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.

Diana she that Goddesse is,
of Virgyns sacred mynde,
By whom Orion Hunter wylde,
his fatall ende dyd fynde.

Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,

In what a maner, all to torne,
his cruell Dogs hym dyght.

There might be seene, they? gredye
to Maisters blud embzued, (months
And all his owne vnhappye men,
that fast they? Lorde pursued.

And many Storpes more there war
engraued: to long to tell.

What fearefull haps to many men,
for lust vncleane befell.

Thus as I stode with musyng mind
beholdyng all thyngs theare,
In rush eth at the Gate behynde
a Post with heauy cheate.

I.v.

Into

Cupido

Into the Hall with haste he hies
and after folowed I.
To here what kynde of Jewes he
or what he ment therby. (brought
He passing through the Hall in haste,
at entrance neuer stayed,
But blowing fast for want of breath,
as one almoste dismayed.
Approcht in presence to the syght
of chaste *Dianas* face,
That all encomasse rounde aboute
with Virgyns in that place,
In lofty Chayre of hye estate
dyd sit, all clothed in whyte,
Of Splier helwe, that shynyg gane,
me thought, a gorgeous syght.
There dyd I se, sayre *Dido* Queene
and sayre *Hysiphile*,
And next to them *Lucretia* sat,
and chaste *Penelope*.
But these same soure, no Bowes dyd
for Virgyns sacred state, (beare
They had forsaken long ago,
and ioynde with faythfull mate.

On

conquered

On the other syde, sat all the sorte
of fayre *Dianas* trayne,
Whose trade with toyle amongst the
was euer bent to payne. (woods
Whose sacred minds, were ner de:
with any wanton lust, (feld
Whiche neuer could the fyckle state,
of Louers fancye truste.
The chiefe of them was *Ismenis*,
whom best *Diana* loued,
And next in place sat *Hyale*,
whom neuer fancye moued,
Next vnto them sat *Nipha* fayre,
a Gemme of Chastyte.
And next to her sat *Phyale*,
not basest in degree,
Behynde them all, of passing forme,
fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
And nye to her I myght discerne
Dame *Piceas* shynnyng face,
These Pryncely *Oymphes* accompa:
Diana in her Waynes, (ned
Whyle as in shape of Stagge poore
Acteon had his paynes. (wretche
Abscue

Cupido

A bone them all I myght beholde,
as placed befoze the rest,
Hipolitus whom *Phedraes* spyte?
most Cruelly had drest.
Hipolitus the vnspotted Pearle:
of pure Virginitie,
Whose noble Hart culd not agre,
to *Scydames* byllany.
Nert vnto hym sat Contynence,
and nert was Labour placed?
Of bodie bygge and strong he was,
and somewhat Crabtre faced.
Nert hym was placed Abstynence,
a leane vnwylde wyght,
Whose Diet thyn had banisht cleane,
all fond and bayne delyght.
A Thousād moze me thought ther war
whose names I did not know,
And yf I did to longe it were,
in verses them to show.
Down of his knees the messenger,
befoze them al doth fall,
And vnto chaste *Diana* thear,
foz succour thus doth call.

conquered.

O Goddesse chiefe of Chastitie,
 and Sacred Virgins mynd:
 Let Pitie from your noble Hart:
 redresse for Misers synd.
 Let not our weryed Hartes sustaine,
 suche wrongfull Tyranye?
 Quench quickly now the fyrie flames
 of open Iniurie.
 This sayd for feare he staied awhyle,
 and than began agayne,
 A myghty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
 with great vnruly trayne.
 All armed well at every poynt,
 (a dreadfull syght to se:)
 And every man in feates of armes,
 ryght skylfull all they be.
 The Captaine chyse in Charpot ryde
 with pompe and stately Pryde:
 With Bow in hand of glistring gold,
 and Cupuer by his syde.
 Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly:
 and many a mortall Dart,
 That hath by poysoned force destruid,
 full many a yealdyng Hart.

He

Cupido

He entred hath within your Realme,
and taken many a forte,
Hath sakte them all, and spoilde them
A dayne a wondrous sorte. (quyte
In straungest guyle, for where he
the wounde doth fester styll (shoots
And all the Surgians that we haue
can not remoue the yll,
In lytell tyme the gryefe so soze,
doth growe in every parte,
Distraynyng through the benomed
doth so torment the Hart. (vaines
That some to ryd them selues the rof
in fluds full deepe they leape,
And down the selues som down ward
from Houses hyc by heape, (falles
Some Anker cast on crossed Beames
to ryd them selues from stryfe,
And hang them selues full thicke on
to ende a wretched lyfe. (trees
And they whose fearefull mynds dare
thus make an ende of wo, (not
With greuous flames, consuminge
theyr lyfe at length forgo. (long
For,

conquered.

Lo here the Some of all I haue,
this Tygre vs anoyes,
And cruell ye hath spoyled vs,
of all our wonted ioyes.
Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
and synde some present scape,
Undoubtedly he wyllyn this Realme
and take vs all awaye. (me,
At this, the Ladies all amaze
for feare dyd looke full pale,
And all beheld with mayed eyes,
the Wretche that tolde the tale.
Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
of Hart and courage hye,
Nothyng abashde, with sodain newes
began thus to replie.
Casse fere away, sayre Dames (quoth
dismaye your selues no more, he)
I know by whō this mischief spryngs
and know I helpe therfore.
It is not suche a dyrdesfull wyght,
as he doth here reporte,
That entred is within these partes,
and plagues the symple sorte.

Cupido

For is his force so great to feare,
I know it I full well:
It is the scornfull blynded Boy,
that neare to vs doth dwell.
Whom Mars long tyme ago begatt,
of that Lasciuious dame:
That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
receaued an open shame.
A disobedient blynded foole,
that durst presume to turne:
His dartes agaynst his mother ons,
and caused her sore to burne.
In auncient too: to all this Court,
Of long tyme he hath ben:
And hath attempted euermore,
by this: Renowne to wyn.
His cruell Hart, of Pitie boyed,
doth spare no kynd of age:
But tender youth and dotyng age,
he strykes in furpous rage.
And laughes to scorne the sely soules
that he hath wounded so,
As fine appoynted of theyr ils,
no end of al theyr wo.

But

41
conquered.

But syns he hath presumed thus,
to entre heare in place,
And heare to threaten Conquests thus,
agaynst *Dianas* Grace,
Let him besure his loftie mynde,
this deade shall soone repent,
If that your grace do here agre,
with fre and full consent.
To make me Chestain of this Charge
and whom I lyst to chose,
If Prisoner heare I bypng hym not,
Let me myne Honour lose.
And there be ceasde with ioyfull looks
the Lades smyled all,
And thozough his wordes they hoaped
to se *Cupidoes* fall. (soone
With heauenly boice *Diana* hear,
as chye above the rest:
This wise her words began to frame,
from out her sacred brest.
My good *Hipolitus* quoth she,
whose true and saythfull mynde:
In doubtfull daunger often I,
do alwayes redy fynd.

B.L.

For

Cupido

For to reuenge the rancred rage,
of all my spytfull foes,
Thou be fro whose unpotted hart,
the fluddes of vertue flowes.
whose seruise long hath ben appoynded,
within this court of myne,
Restrayne this boyes unruly rage,
by valyant means of thyne,
I geue the leane & thee appoint,
my cheyf Lieutenant here,
Chuse whom þu wilt take whom þu lyst,
thou nedest no whit to feare.
With this he rose from out his place,
and lokynge round a bout:
Chose *Abstinence* and *Continent*,
with *Labour* Captayne stout.
And with these thze he tooke his leane
of all the Ladys there,
Who doubtyng of his safe returne,
let fall full many a teare.
He lefte them theare in heauynes,
and made no more delaye,
But outward went & toward þe Cape,
he tooke the nearest way.

with

conquered.

With this the Queenes commission
was sent abroad in haste, (straigh
To raise vp souldiars round about,
and with theyr Captayne plasse.
To bring them forth & marching on,
Hipolitus to meet.
Then Tounded Trumpetes al a broad,
and Drumes in euery street.
And souldiars good lyke swarmes of
theyr Captains please about (Bees
All armed brane in Cozletes to bite,
they march with courage stout.
And forwarde thow, till at the length
where as theyr marshall lyes,
They fynd the place the ioyfull sounds,
Do mount aboue the skyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
with wordes of plesant cheare,
And placeth them in good aray,
bycause the camp was neare.
Three Battails big of them he frames,
and of the Hereward strong,
Hath he about charge who steppeth
before the statly thronge: (forth,
B.ii. And

Cupido

And Captayn of the reare ward next,
was placed abstinens.

And Joind to him for Policie,
was Captayne Continnence:

The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
him selfe did chuse to guyd.

And in the formest front therof,
on Courser sayre doth ryde:

The *Trumpets* sound march on apace,
and *Dromes* the same do stpyke.

Then forward mooves y Army great,
In order martiall lyke.

I can behynde (me thought) and best,
it seamed then to me:

To beu the dynt of dyedfull sword,
and feghter none to be.

Thie Spies were sent abroad to beu,
the place where *Cupide* lay:

A longest a Myuer sayre and broad,
they spy a pleasaunt way,

Which waye they tooke and passynge
at length apares a plaine: (soorth,

Both large & vast wher lyes y rowt,
of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.

Thus

conquered.

Thus told the spyes we onward hie,
and straght in syght we haue,
The ferfull host of all our foes,
and dreadfull army brane.
The first he marched fro Cupides Camp
was drowy slennes.
The chyeftest friend that loue had then,
the next was hyle Exces.
A Lubbour great, mishapen most,
of all that thear I saw,
As much I thynk in quantitie,
as hoes fyre can draw.
A myghty face both broad and flat;
and all with knobies set:
puche nosed lyke a Turkey Cocke;
with teth as blacke as Jet.
A Belye byg, full trust with guts;
and Westels two, lyke Postes,
A knane full square in euery poynt;
a Prynce of drunken Dostes.
Upon a Camell couched hie,
for Horse coulde none hym beare,
A myghty staffe in hande he had,
his foes a farre to feare.

A.iii.

Behynde

Cupido

Behynde them all, the blynded God,
doth com in Charpot sayre,
With ragyng flames along rounde a-
he pestres all the ayre. (bout
And after hym, for triumphe leades
a thousande wounded Darts,
That gush abrode hot streams of blud
new perced with his Dartes,
The army redy for to meete
and all at poynt to fight,
Hippolitus with lusty cheare
and with a noble Spryght.
His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
his wordes begyns to place.
O my valyaunt frends and Subiects all
of Chast *Dianacs* Grace.
whose noble Darts were neuer stained
with spot of Dastards mynd,
Behold our enemyes here at hande,
behold yon coward blynd.
Of lytle force, comparde with you
howe in a fond araye,
They stragle out no orbe de we,
observed in theyr waye.

Beholde

conquered.

Behold what goodly Cupids they haue
to gouerne them withall,
That neuer knew what fighting ment
but lyue to Venus shall.

Marke hym that gupps the reuerende
that byle deformed Churle, (there
Whose foggy Gates, with paunches
do thicke aboute him whurle. (syde
And he that for most hether comes
loe what a handsome Squyre,
Sure full vnapt to kepe the feldc,
more fyt to fyt by the fyre.

In fyne lo Victorie at hande
with hye triumphant Crowne,
Went for to spoyle our foes of fame,
and cast theyr Gloze downe.

Fyght therfore now courageously,
and ryd your frendes of feare,
Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
and let your Varts appeare.

With this the sounde begyns to mount
and noyse hye to rylse,
And warlike tunes begyn to dally,
them selues agaynst the Skyes.

R.iiii.

The

Cupido

The Canons Cracke, begins to rooze
and Darts full thicke they flye
And couerd thicke, the armyes both,
and framde a Counter Skye.
And now the Battayls both be ioynde
with stroke of Hande to trye.
The quarell iust and for to fynde,
where *Victorye* both lye,
The Souldyers all of *Idleness*,
where *Labour* comes, do fall,
And wounded sore, by force of hym,
all bache in blud, they spzall.
Hym selfe alone with *Idleness*
nowe hande to hande both fyght
And after many a mortall wounde,
destroyes the selfe wyght.
Then ioynes with him *Syr Abstinence*
with ayde & succours newe,
And both vpon the grese Hoaste,
of Clottonye they flewe.
The Captayn doth aduance hymself
with *Abstinence* to meete,
The vnweldy Creature smitten there
is tumbled vnder fete.

Then

conquered.

Than Fancie flies Incontinence
 and all Cupidoes frendes.
 Beholdynge fortune thus to frowne,
 by flyght them selfe defendes.
 Cupido whan he sees hym selfe,
 thus spoylde of all his ayde,
 The chiefe Supporters of his Courte,
 so sodaynly decayde.
 Wad turne his Charpottes than with
 and fast away he flies, (haste
 Amongst the chaffe *Hipolitus*
 on stopstye Courser hys,
 Than all with Joye they after run,
 doone thyrke the enemyes fall,
 The blinded boy, for succour straight
 to *Venus* hys doth call,
 But all his cryes auayleth not,
 his foes hym fast purswe,
 The dryer of his Charpot soone,
Hip litus there slewe.
 And down fro Horse, the wretche doth
 The horses spoyld of guyde, (fall.
 A Souldier fronte of *Reasons* bande,
 is wylled there to ryde.

R. v.

Who

Cupido

Who turning Raynes another waye
restrayns hym of his flight,
His Honours lost and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull plyght,
These wordes with trembling voyce
syth fortune thus quoth he, (began
Hath given her doome from doubtfull
A turnd her Grace from me. (best
Syth that the most misfortune now,
that ever I could fynd,
Hath chaunced to me and my selfe I,
by Destenpes assignde,
Am Captive here, consydre yet,
what Fortune myght have wrought
And made a Conquerer of me,
and you in Bondage brought.
Consydre yet the wofull plyght,
wherin you had remaind,
If that the Gods my happy state,
had not so soze disdaynd,
And by your Gyves, than mesure mine
shewe merce in this case,
That Conquerour comended is,
who gyves to pryie place.

The

conquered.

The cruell mynde displayed is,
In every kynde of state,
No man so haughty lyues on earth,
but one may fynd his mate.
These wordes *Hipolitus* I speake,
to breake no farther staye,
I speake not this of malice heart,
my fute is for my lyfe.
Syth fortune thus hath fauored you,
graunt thus my small request,
And let me tye yf mercy dwell,
wyt hit your noble brest,
By this tyme *Morpheus* had dispycked
the drowlye cloud of sleape,
And fro my braynes the quyet traunce,
began full fast to creape,
And downward fell. I waked therewith
and lokyng round about,
Long tyme I mysed where I was,
my mynde was fyl in doubt.
Tyll at the length I bewode the tree,
and place where as I sat,
And well beheld the pleasaunt Spryng
that late I wondred at.

I

Cupido

that late I wondred at,
I sawe besyde the Golden Globe,
of *Phabus* thynnyng bryght,
That Westwarde halfe, dyd hyde his
appzochyng fast the nyght. (face
Eche Wyde began to shrowd hymself
in ttee to take his rest
And ceaste the pleasaunt tunes y late
pzoceaded from theyr Breaste.
I homewarde went, and left them all,
and restles all that nyght,
I musynge laye, tormented thus,
with fond lamentyng spryght.
When *Phabus* rose to passe the tyme,
and passe my grete awaye.
I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame
that made my Muses Rave.

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1563.

15. Die Mensis March.



George Steevens.

1789

**Faultes escaped in the
Pryntynge.**

**In p. 5. Eglog, for Agon rede Egon.
In the .6. Eglog for Calisto, reade
Calisto. In p. 7. Eglog, for Duerda
and Guerda, reade Diana, for Silua-
nus reade Siluan. for Seluagina,
reade Seluagia.**

**In the .2. Epptaphe, for soore, reade
sure. In .v. the .2. Page, v. 15. lyne,
for in, reade on. v. 6. Page. 1. lyne, for
so, reade for. 4. lyne, for Cruelty, rede
cruellye. In .v. 5. Page. 12. lyne, for
hories, reade Horses.**

**Reade these .8. Lynes at the ende
of the Sonet. Dns muiyng. &c.**

**Thou lyuest, but feelst no grefe,
no Lone doth the torment,
A happye thyng for me it were,
If God were so content.
That thou with Pen, wert placed here
and I sat in thy place,
Then I shuld Ioye as thou dost nowe
and thou shuldest wape thy case.**

